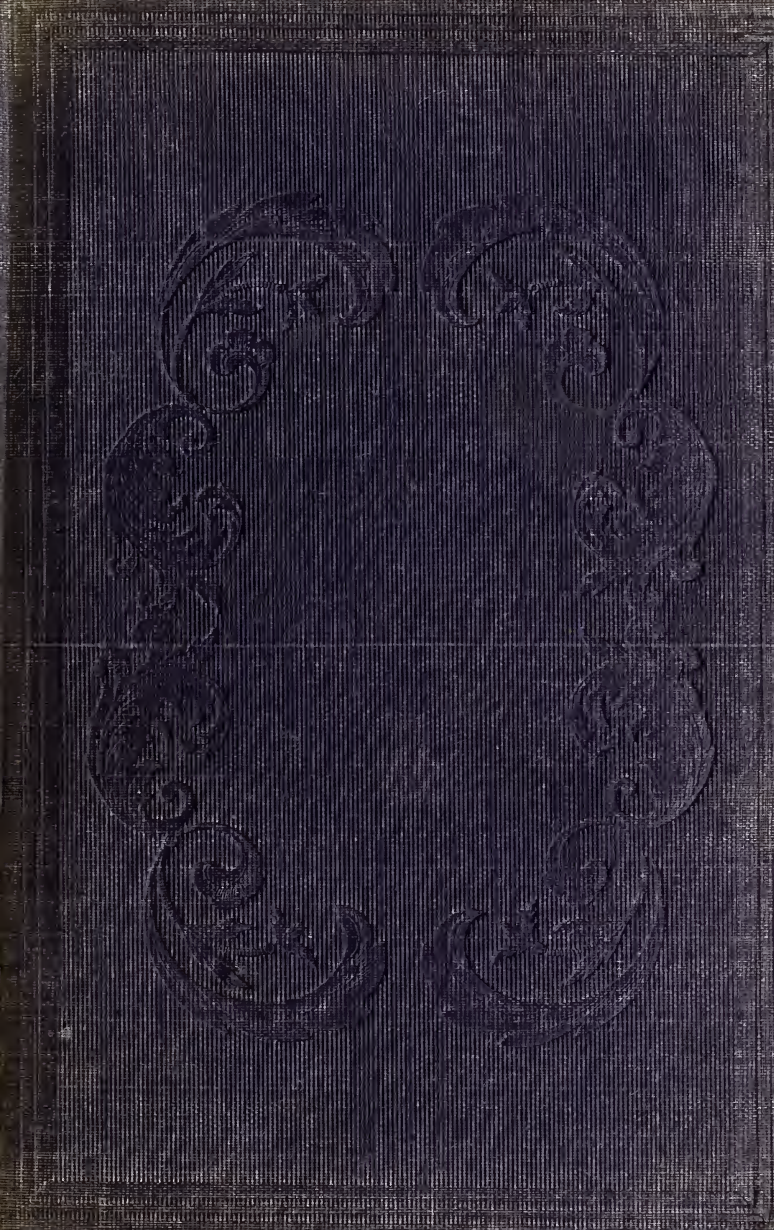




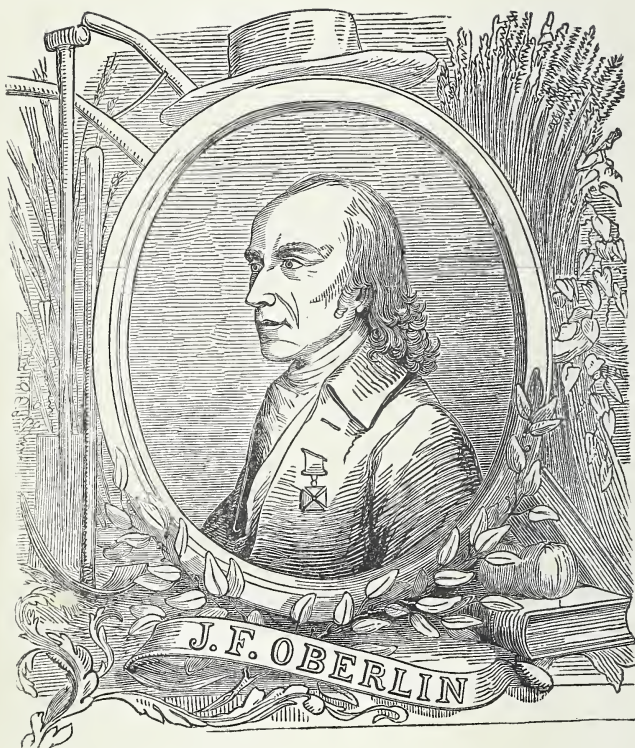
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NEVER GIVE UP;

OR,

HOW CHILDREN MAY BE HAPPY

EDITED BY
MRS. M. H. ADAMS.



Forth to the world, thou messenger of truth,
And peace, and love ! Thy benediction breathe
On hearts now waiting for thee ! Humbly speak
In Christ's good name, and in his spirit's power ;
And heaven shall own thy mission.



BOSTON :
PUBLISHED BY JAMES M. USHER,
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P R E F A C E .

THE attention, encouragement and support, which our little Annual has received from contributors, readers and patrons, have called for another volume, with improvements on the past. May it follow its predecessors wherever they have gone, and go where they have not been.

We fully appreciate the disinterested labors of our contributors, and here express our thanks for the assistance rendered. A glance at the names of these contributors, and the assurance we can give of their interest in the improvement of the youth growing up around us, we hope will inspire our young friends and the public with fresh confidence in the moral power of the little book.

At the time of the appearance of the Annual for 1848, the editor had supposed her earthly labors ended ; But it pleased the Father of mercies to delay the angel of death, and restore her again to her humble place with mortals, where she would consecrate her feeble powers anew in the cause of his holy truth. May his approving blessing rest on this effort !

M. H. A.

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OBERLIN.

BY MRS. M. H. ADAMS.

To the boys who are striving for self-improvement, the character of Oberlin will present a beautiful and wonderful example of the excellence to which young men and lads can attain, by a steady perseverance, and firm trust in their own power, attended by an humble reliance on the assistance of God in every good enterprise. You will learn, from his history, how by the former you may be enabled to overcome difficulties before which many falter and become discouraged, and how, by a practical belief in the goodness of God, you will be sustained and borne through trials which cannot be avoided. You will find in his life an example of purity, holiness, piety, faith, and love, not often presented to youth, worthy of your acceptance and imitation. All that is taught us by the actual life of a good man is as worthy of remembrance as his words: the latter we call his precepts, his theory; the former his example, his practice; and you all know that theory without practice cannot benefit you, that precept without example

is worthless information, a dead letter. In this sketch you obtain only a glimpse of his righteousness, simply an inkling of thoughts, habits, and feelings which I would willingly transcribe at length for your benefit, had I room.

JOHN FREDERIC OBERLIN.

This worthy man was born at Strasborg, in Germany, August 31, 1740. He was one of seven boys, and had two sisters. His father was an educated, respectable man, in comfortable circumstances, but not rich. He loved his children tenderly, and devoted all his hours of leisure to their instruction. The book education which John Frederic received was no more than any studious boy may obtain in the Grammar Schools of New England. With what he did obtain, however, he set out in life, determined to be *a man*. Perhaps the idea originated with his parents, whose life and habits were intended to influence their children in favor of virtue and piety.

In the life of Frederic their wishes were crowned with the most gratifying success. He was an amiable, benevolent boy, noble in his motives, and regardless alike of praise or censure, when he knew he was doing right. Many instances are given, in his history, where self-

denial seemed to be the ruling principle of his life, which was in fact a series of the most decided and commendable acts of self-denial and generosity. In many little acts of his childhood we see the beginning of that truly Christian disposition that produced such remarkable fruits in his after life.

When Mr. Oberlin's boys were small, he took them every Thursday evening in summer out to his family estate, not far from their residence in Strasborg. He used to fasten an old drum round his waist, while out there, and, preceding the seven blooming boys as their drummer, exercised them in military tactics. This kindled in Frederic's mind a strong desire to become a military character. At every opportunity, he would mingle with the soldiers, and march with them, and really excelled in the evolutions. The love for military exercises increased till checked by his father, who told him it was time to renounce child's play for study and serious labor. His father wished him to follow a learned profession. He readily coincided in his father's views, and devoted himself quite as earnestly to study and books as he had done to his favorite amusements.

His biographers do not know what circumstances induced him to become a minister.

Probably the first inclination was awakened by the devotional habits of his pious and accomplished mother. She was a truly admirable woman; and Frederic often said he was indebted to her for his love of "things that are excellent," and his desire to be good to others. He was ordained for the ministry soon after he was twenty; but it was several years before he was settled as a pastor. His first engagement was at the Ban de la Roche, situated in the north-east part of France.

This ban or district was divided into two parishes; and one parish was made up of five little hamlets, or clusters of houses. Oberlin lived at Waldbach, the most central of these little villages. I can give my readers but a very meagre description of the condition of these parishes when Oberlin became their minister, or of the ignorance and obstinacy of the people there. The barrenness of the land in some parts of it may be understood, when you know that the wife could carry home in her apron all the hay which her husband could mow on a long morning; and the moral condition of the people was equally deplorable. Surely no man would have accepted this field of labor but one whose singleness of heart would bid him forsake all for Christ.

On his arrival at Waldbach, he occupied the parsonage house, a tolerably commodious building, having a yard in front, a garden behind, the church quite near, and woody dells and gray mountains all around it. He was soon convinced that no ordinary difficulties lay between him and the salvation of his people. It was then his confidence in God was beautifully manifested. He said he knew that strength would be given him, if asked in faith, and it was really right that he should effect such a result ; accordingly, he employed all his attainments in science, philosophy, and religion, for their improvement, temporally and spiritually. Could you know one half the difficulties that he encountered, you would say that many men of any age of the world would have forsaken the field and felt fully justified. Preaching there was *toil* ; social intercourse was toil ; domestic improvement could scarcely be effected by the most patient and incessant toil ; and all that seemed to offer itself to the Christian Oberlin was a call for indefatigable toil.

From time to time he received letters from his worthy predecessor, offering excellent counsel and great encouragement to him to persevere in his labors. These letters afforded him great joy, for his friend could not but know how laborious

his efforts must be, and if he could urge him on surely, then, himself might trust and go on.

For some months, or years it may be, his younger sister, Sophia, superintended his domestic affairs, aided by his mother frequently. But they failed to bestow that sympathy and cordial devotion to the good of the people which he believed he needed; therefore he sought a companion in his labors. He married Miss Madeline Witter, July 6th, 1768. Mrs. Oberlin became an invaluable assistant to her husband in all his labors. To the arduous work of uprooting the prejudices of an ignorant peasantry, these worthy Christians consecrated themselves by prayer to God, and a written covenant with the Holy Spirit.

I can give you but a single instance of Oberlin's remarkable perseverance against the suspicions and resistance of the people in relation to his plans. Their roads were actually impassable most of the year. He proposed to them to build a new and substantial one to Strasborg. He suggested, planned, answered objections, proved its practicability; but not a man in all the parish would start, till he actually shouldered his pick-axe, and with a faithful servant, broke ground for the new road. Having, in repeated instances, pursued a similar course, he at length

established himself in their confidence, and could the more effectually guide them in their spiritual course. He felt an equal solicitude in all that pertained to the pastoral office. His sermons, his conversation, his Thursday lectures, his New Year addresses, his Sabbath school labors, all bear testimony to the scrupulously prayerful devotion which he ever manifested for their "growth in grace," and the knowledge of truth.

Oberlin was especially attentive to the children and youth of his parish. He established infant schools for the little ones, others for the older children, a miscellaneous library for the use of all, and reserved the religious education of the children entirely to himself. He formed a "Christian Society," and presented twenty-seven precepts for the observation of the members. I can only present you a few, as a specimen of the character of the whole. "Regeneration. We are all one in Christ Jesus. Bring forth much fruit. Nourish the inner man by the Word of God, by continued prayer, by the frequent use of the holy sacrament. All the members ought to watch over each for good ; to exhort and to warn each other, with sweetness, charity, humility and patience. Lose no time. Honest and exact payment. No artfulness or cunning. Provoke unto good works." Its object was religious conversa-

tion and prayer. It effected considerable good during its continuance.

Mrs. Oberlin died in 1784, having passed sixteen years of married life with her beloved husband, and leaving seven children. He was for some time quite overcome by the intelligence of her sudden death; but not for a moment did he doubt the mercy of God. His patient resignation in affliction was worthy the strictest imitation. In 1793, his oldest son, Frederic, entered the army, and was among the first who were killed. Oberlin was strongly attached to him, but his humble submission and even cheerful resignation to this severe dispensation, seemed fully equal to the love he cherished towards his first-born, and his confidence in the unchangeable goodness of God sustained him in this second severe trial. The only change to be perceived in his family, after these distressing events, was an air of quiet seriousness, in place of that inspiring cheerfulness which before had place there. Their usual manner of conversation was uninterrupted. They spoke of Frederic as one gone before them to heaven, but not as of the dead.

During the rage of the French Revolution, clergymen stood in jeopardy everywhere. Talents, property, popularity, could save none; yet the benevolence, humility, and simple piety, of

the Christian Oberlin saved him and his little flock from imprisonment and interruption in their pursuits. Indeed, his home became the asylum for the terrified of every rank and profession. This sketch will not allow me to insert a very interesting document, called forth by the circumstances of that alarming period, which this faithful pastor addressed to the young men of his parish. Thus he made every event profitable in some view to his dear people. During the Revolution he was denied his customary fee from government, and was supported by voluntary contributions of his parishioners. The only uneasiness he felt, was that his means of doing good were limited. To enable himself still to devote three tithes of all he possessed to religious purposes and the poor, which he conscientiously believed to be his duty, and that he might still aid the institutions in his parish, he received into his family several children of distinguished foreigners to educate, and generously devoted his remunerations to those purposes.

He possessed much of the genuine missionary spirit. At one time, in the early part of his ministry, he learned that a pastor had been sought two years, for a station in Pennsylvania; and, as he believed one might more easily be obtained for the Ban de la Roche, he expressed

a readiness to go, just as the war between England and America broke out. From that time he was proof against requests to leave, from any source. This extreme devotedness to his flock caused him to be revered as a father, and loved as a faithful Christian, by all; his name was affectionately called, his unexampled zeal in the work of his divine Master applauded, in lands far away from the quiet valley of the Vosges.

He entered with much delight into the plan of operation of the "British and Foreign Bible Society," became a correspondent of it, aided in distributing Bibles in the ban and vicinity, and among Catholics. Happy would the event be for humanity, if the tolerant spirit of the pious Oberlin were more widely diffused among the disciples of Christ! He administered the sacrament to Catholics, Calvinists, and Lutherans, at the same time, having different kinds of bread on the plate, that all might partake and not be offended. His only question was,—"Are you a Christian? If so, we are of the same religion. Follow the law of the Saviour; all other laws are of little importance." The same spirit led him to extend Christian kindness to his Jewish neighbors.

The population of the Ban de la Roche increased from eighty families to five or six

hundred, or three thousand souls, while Oberlin lived with them. Various employments were introduced, which yielded ample support to the inhabitants until the introduction of machinery. This threatened gloom and despair for these good people. But such a consequence was averted by the two kind-hearted sons of Mr. Legrand, who established a ribbon manufactory there, distributing the looms about the cottages for the children to work upon them, and still be under the eye of parents.

As Oberlin became too infirm to discharge his parochial duties, his son Henry came from Russia to reside near, and assist, his father. This son died when Oberlin was seventy-seven years old. Still the blessing of the God whom he so faithfully served descended upon his parish; useful improvements increased, prosperity and civilization advanced. A traveller in the ban once said he never before saw the people who were so universally courteous and refined in their manners, and at the same time so poor. He attributed it to the influence of the example of the good old pastor. His son-in-law, Mr. Graff, succeeded Henry Oberlin, as assistant to the father.

His last illness attacked him suddenly, and was short. On Sunday, May 28th, 1826, he was seized with fainting and shivering. He was

conscious at intervals for several days. At a quarter after eleven on Thursday morning, June 1st, he died ; and the solemn tolling of the chapel bell told the people of that rural valley that their pastor was *dead*. The whole people wept. His funeral took place on the 5th of June. As the funeral procession started from the house, a clergyman laid the clerical robe of Oberlin upon his coffin, another placed his Bible there, and a civil officer affixed the decoration of the Legion of Honor, which Oberlin always wore, to the funeral pall. Twelve young females, standing round the bier, then sung a hymn. At two o'clock the procession left the parsonage. The oldest inhabitant of the parish walked before the coffin, bearing a wooden cross to be placed over his tomb, on which was inscribed,—PAPA OBERLIN.

He was to be interred at Foudai, one of the villages of his parish. The first of the procession reached the church there before the last left the house, at a distance of two miles. A new bell at Foudai, prepared by the proprietor of the ribbon manufactory, was heard to toll for the first time, as the sad procession entered the village. The burial ground was surrounded by Roman Catholic women, dressed in mourning and kneeling in silent prayer. Three fourths of the

people remained without the church in silence and tears during the lengthy services.

A manuscript autobiography of the lamented pastor was read in which Oberlin wrote most affectionately of his family, his friends, and his "dear parish;" expressed his faith in the goodness of God towards them all; and commended all to the guidance and mercy of that God whom he had preached. One clergyman then read a part of the 103d Psalm, and the 14th verse of the 7th chapter of Revelation, which Oberlin had selected as texts for his funeral sermon. At the conclusion of the sermon the whole congregation kneeled and repeated in concert a beautiful prayer. A hymn was sung, and the body taken to the grave-yard. He was buried under the shade of a weeping willow, planted over his son Henry. At the tomb a clergyman addressed them most touchingly, and with much sincerity, speaking at length of the virtues and untiring devotion of the good old man. A physician then pronounced a eulogy. The people turned sorrowfully and slowly away from the grave of one so dear to them, whose whole life was an endeavor to get good from heaven, and do good to men. Peace to thy spirit, sainted OBERLIN!

SCRAPS FOR CHILDREN.

BY MRS. H. A. P. NYE.

NO. 1. — JESUS.

I HAVE a question to ask of the little ones, whose bright eyes are glancing over the pages of this new Annual, in search of pictures, or, perhaps, of some pleasing story. I own a fear, that such as like pretty stories only, will “skip” these scraps of mine. It may be that they will consent to read on, when I promise to write nothing but what is true.

You may have heard from parents or teachers, at some time, questions like these:—“Who was the *wisest* man? Who was the *meekest* man? The question I would ask, is this:—Who was the *perfect* man? Can you tell?

He was born in Bethlehem of Judea, eighteen hundred years ago, and in a manger, we are told. Many good and great men have been born in poor huts, and lowly homes. You have read, in your father’s great Bible, or have heard from your mother’s lips, of the *star* which guided the wise men who went to worship the young child,

and to offer him their gifts; of the *angels* who sang of "peace and good will," to the shepherds, as they watched their flocks by night.

JESUS was the *perfect* man. He was perfect in *love*. "He went about doing good." Though he had not where to rest his head, he sought neither wealth nor ease, but the virtue and happiness of those around him; he healed the sick, made blind men to see, the deaf to hear, and the dumb to speak. Worn and weary, sometimes, in his travels, he never refused aid to such as desired his blessing; poor men and sinful were relieved by him. This kindness extended to all, and no hatred ever changed his deep and universal love.

JESUS was perfect in virtue; many men have been virtuous, yet all, to some extent, have sinned, save Jesus. He was tempted, as we all are, (and what child knows not what is meant by being tempted to sin?) but he never did a wrong act, nor spake an evil word. He injured none, even those who were unkind to him. And when dying, he prayed his Father to forgive those who put him to the cruel death of the cross.

Our Saviour, Jesus, came to this world, to teach us to be perfect as he is perfect. He came also to tell us of a world beyond this, where he now lives, and where, when we are pure as

he is pure, we shall also dwell. Jesus rose from the dead to assure us that we, that our friends, that all men, shall at last be as the angels are,—sinless, spiritual, and forever happy. And now, when we follow the bodies of our loved ones to the tomb, we do not think them *dead*, but hope to meet them again, to part no more forever.

NO. 2. — THE LITTLE CONSOLER.

“Mother, shall we not wish to see father again?” asked a little boy, as he looked for the last time on the father whom he had loved, who lay sleeping in death, unmindful of those who stood beside him with tearful eyes.

“Yes, my son, we shall wish to see father, but we never can again, while we live in this world.”

“But will not father rise again? My Sabbath school teacher told me that God raised up Jesus from the dead. Say, mother, will he not raise father too?”

The mother was deeply moved by the earnest faith of her child, and her own heart was comforted, as she felt how blessed was that hope, which could enable her to answer the anxious look and question of her boy, by assuring him of her firm belief that God would raise up his

father, as he had raised his son Jesus, from the dead.

“Father will not rise till the last day, will he, mother?”

To this question the mother replied, that when the breath left his father’s body, his spirit went to God; that his father was then in heaven.

“Then, mother, if he is in heaven, he is an angel, is he not?”

“Yes, George, your father is an angel now; when we die, we shall be as the angels, children of God, being children of the resurrection.”

“Are not the angels around us, mother, and do they not watch over us, and guard us when we sleep? It may be, if we cannot see father, that he can see us, and that he will be near us, and near our beds, to love us and care for us.”

These were the words of a little boy of nine years, as he stood with his mother beside his father’s shrouded form, about to be borne to the tomb. I never think of him, of his simple, earnest trust, but with a softened heart.

You, children, may have lost, or may yet lose, your father, mother, or friend. Remember, then, they are not dead; they are as the angels in heaven; neither can they die any more. They are changed, but their spirits can never die.

NO. 3.—“SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME
UNTO ME.”

“Mother, mother, where is the baby?” I heard a child ask yesterday of his parent. Again and again the question was repeated, but he could not understand where the baby had gone, nor what it was to *be dead*. It was hard, he thought, that his little sister could not come to play with him. He had seen her lying still and cold in her white robe; she neither spoke nor moved; *what could it mean?* His little heart could not tell, nor why they should put his sweet sister in the ground. And still he asked, “Mother, mother, where is the baby?”

Do my little friends remember that when our Saviour was upon the earth, some one carried young children to him, hoping they might be blessed by so good a man? His disciples bade them go away, and not trouble their master; but Jesus said, “Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven; and he took them in his arms and blessed them.

Jesus loves young children now, and when any die, they are carried to his arms, there to be blessed by his smiles and love. Children are the lambs of his flock, and one of your hymns tell you, that the lambs of his flock are his tenderest

care. The eastern shepherd leads his sheep to the green pastures in the summer time, and there remains to guard his flocks from wolves, and prevent their going astray. His sheep know his voice and follow wherever he leads. If the young lambs are weary, he carries them in his arms.

Jesus called himself the "good shepherd." The good shepherd, he said, layeth down his life for his sheep. Jesus is our shepherd, now; he still careth for his sheep; and now, in heaven, as when he was upon the earth, the lambs of his flock are taken in his arms; some, when sick and weary, are borne to the spirit home, and rest ever in the green pastures, and by the still waters of that world of endless peace and love.

For those children who have followed me thus far, I have a few more words to write. I have told you that Jesus was perfect; that his life was spent in doing good, in healing the sick, and preaching the gospel to such as would hear. To bless others was the happiness of his life; for that only he lived, and for that only he died.

God the Father is also continually doing good; the Scriptures tell us that "he is good to all, and that his tender mercies are over all his works." In deep silence, at midnight as at noon-day, he

confers blessings upon the children of men. In the *goodness* of God consists his highest glory. When men wish to be like Jesus, and to be like God, they strive to do good, to be kind, to relieve and console those in suffering or sorrow, and to improve all in knowledge and virtue.

And what, think you, can *you* do to become the children of God? Commence by being obedient to your parents. We read that Jesus, when a child, was subject to his parents. Be kind and obliging to your brothers, sisters, and companions. Be ever gentle; speak no unkind nor evil words. Begin, thus, to walk in the path which Jesus trod. Forget not to pray to your Father in heaven to aid you in becoming good. We read that Jesus passed whole nights in prayer to God. If Jesus, then, who was himself so good, needed to pray, how much more should weak, erring children ask the protection and guidance of him who is ever near to help those who call upon his name!

If, then, children, you wish to *be* good, and to *do* good, try to be followers of Jesus, the perfect man.

THE LITTLE ADVENTURERS.

BY MRS. E. A. BACON.

OUR little Infant School vestry ! how I wish you could see it, my dear little readers. So snug, so comfortable and cozy it is, cuddled under one corner of our good old church, with the morning sun streaming across its bright carpet, its pictured walls and smiling faces, and its little red covered table, adorned with a vase of flowers, the morning offering of happy children.

Well, our little infant school vestry, on one bright Sabbath morning, was filled with goodly rows of boys and girls, who had just folded their hands and quietly arisen to repeat their morning prayer, when the door opened, and two little strange faces peeped in. They received a welcome, and were led to the seat. They were poorly clad, but were neat and clean, and I felt sure that a mother's hand had done its best for her darlings. Sunday after Sunday they came, and their quiet, earnest faces drew our hearts very near to them, and we resolved to know more of them ; so, after the lessons were recited

one day, we drew the little matronly girl into a lively chat.

"Where do you live?" I asked.

"Oh, a little way down from the church, in one of the cross streets," said she, pointing in the direction.

"Do your parents attend church here?"

"No, ma'am! they are too poor to come."

"How did *you* find the way?"

"Why, brother and I wanted to go to your Sunday school dreadfully; so mother worked hard and got us ready, and she told us to come down this street, and we should find the school."

"Well, do you love to come?"

"Yes, indeed! we never want to stay at home, and when brother is n't well he cries to come."

"Have n't you little neighbors around you who don't go to the Sabbath school?"

"Oh yes, ma'am, and I try to tease them to come, for, don't you think, they play all day Sunday."

"Oh, that is very bad; but why don't they come?"

"Why, they say their clothes are so bad."

"Well," I replied, "I should like to find some of your little neighbors, for we have a circle of kind young ladies who would love dearly to make clothes for them, so that they might come to

school. But may I come and see your mother ? and then she may tell me, perhaps, where I can find them."

" Oh yes, ma'am, do ! " and then she described the place of her residence as well as she could. The school commenced singing, and our conversation was interrupted.

After school, I noticed these children lingering behind the others, and the little girl wore an anxious expression. I soon gave her an opportunity to speak to me, and she looked up with a beseeching gaze, saying, " Don't pray come Monday or Tuesday to see mother, will you ? "

" Why not ? " said I.

" Oh, because mother washes and irons on those days, and she'll feel bad because she will not look nice."

" No, my dear," I replied, " I will come Wednesday, if that is better."

" Oh yes, Wednesday," she said ; " that is a good day ; " and her eyes brightened as she walked away satisfied.

Wednesday came, and I started on my expedition, and as I had threaded so many of our lanes and alleys, I felt sure I could find our little strangers ; but " deary me," as the children say, up this street and down that went I, through, across, and every way in the direction she

pointed out, knocked at door after door, made the dogs growl, the children peep, and spoiled many an afternoon nap, but none the wiser was I. Nobody knew "Mrs. Martin." At last I gave up in despair, and returned home.

The next Sabbath the children were in their places as usual, and I determined to take more accurate directions to their home, but, before I mentioned it, the little girl came to me with a sad face, and holding out her school books, said, "I must give these up, ma'am, for we can't come any more."

"Why not?" I asked.

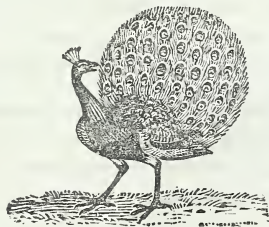
"We're going to move into the country next week."

To be sure we felt very sad to part with them, but we made them each a present of a little book, and parted good friends.

Now, my little friends, who are reading my story, you are no more disappointed than myself, that I did not find their home, and perhaps you have pictured it like myself,—a clean, but spare apartment, with a busy mother, a rosy baby, a cat, a dog, and a few flowers. It might have been a garret, however. But then a garret is sometimes pleasant, when cheerful hearts are there, and I know these children have a cheerful mother. Besides, perhaps you will not be-

lieve me, but it is true, — one of the most tidy and cheerful homes of the poor that I ever visited, was up in a garret, and I have thought a hundred times, how neatly every household utensil was arranged around that well scoured room.

But you say it is too bad that I don't know more of that little girl and boy — those little martin-birds that flew into our box so gayly one morning. Why, I think I know a good deal about them. I know they wish to learn good and holy things. I know they will not play on the Sabbath. I know they will try to persuade others to be good. I know they are thoughtful of their parents. I know they are honest. And is not all that a good deal? You think it is, and so do I, and I wish I knew as much of every one of you.



THE CARELESS DART.

‘ COME in, my daughter, close the door,
Shut out the driving storm,
Dry your wet garments — then drink tea, —
I’ve kept it nice and warm.

We ’ll have a pleasant time to-night,
I’ve had good luck to-day,
I’ve washed for Mrs. Francis Smith,
And see, besides my pay —

She ’s given me all this bread and meat,
And sent this cake to you ;
And at the store I bought this tea ;
A pound of candles, too.

When tea is over, sit by me,
Upon your little stool,
And I will read the pretty book
You brought from Sabbath school.

With three good places now to wash,
I’ve many things in view ;
And first — when rent is paid — I’ll buy
That spelling-book for you.

Then you will soon know how to read,
And when I cannot see,

From age and weariness, my child
Shall read and work for *me*."

Thus spake a hopeful mother's heart,
To little Mary Blane ;
But e'en the promised spelling-book
No cheerful smile could gain.

The cake of Mrs. Smith, untouched,
Upon the table laid ;
In vain, with many a winsome prank,
Her kitten frisked and played.

Now Mary was a gladsome child,
No bird more blithe and gay,
No gentler being spared the worm
That in the pathway lay.

But grief's sharp arrow, barbed with shame,
Sped by a careless hand,
Was rankling in that little heart,
But late so free and bland.

Her mother marked the shade that dimmed
Those eyes so blue and mild,
Then took her to her heart and said,—
"What ails my precious child?"

She whispered,—“Nothing, but” — then swift
The gathering tear-drops rolled ;
Her voice was choked by stifling sobs,
That would not be controlled.

Her mother paused, then asked, with grief
That mothers only know,
“ Will Mary to her mother tell
The cause of all this woe ? ”

She sobbed, “ Whate’er you can afford,
I know you don’t refuse ;
But, mother, if I could but have
A pair of nice new shoes !

To-day I entered the new school,
My feet were wet and cold,
And when I put them to the fire, —
You know my shoes are old, —

Rich Sarah Blanchard smiled and said,
‘ See there ! ’ to Ellen Wood,
Who said — ‘ How awkward she does look,
Dressed in her mother’s hood !

Their home is in that mean old house, —
They’re very poor and low ;
Her father here is never seen ;’ —
Dear mother, is it so ?

Oh, mother, if I could but die ! —
You said the poor and mean,
Who loved the Lord, in heaven should have
New garments, white and clean.

I asked, if I a father had,
When I his face should see ;
You said, in heaven — perhaps — and cried,
And turned your face from me.

If I should meet that father there,
Now say, do you suppose
He 'd kiss me, like the kind papa
Of little Lucy Rose ?

And buy me clothing nice and warm,
That none might laugh at me,
And say that I was mean and low, —
Mother, where can he be ?”

A groan burst from that mother's heart,
She prayed in accents wild,
“ On me, great God ! the vial pour,
But spare my sinless child !

For I have borne, and still can bear,
With want, neglect, and woe ;
But oh, let not my stainless flower
Their blighting influence know !

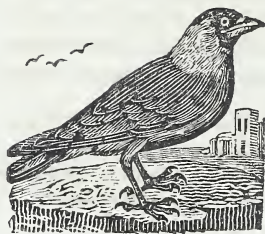
No ! rather take her to thyself,
Thou just and holy One !
And I will school this breaking heart
To say, ‘ Thy will be done.’ ”

Her prayer was heard, — a few short months,
And little Mary laid
Close by her weary mother's side,
Beneath the willow's shade.

And when, around those lonely graves,
The village children stood,
They mourned the careless mirth that wrung
A heart so kind and good.

And promised never more in sport
The humble to deride,
Or judge, without compassion, those
For whom the Saviour died.

H. A. D.



THE RED AND WHITE ROSE:

A FABLE.

BY REV. A. HICHBORN.

A RED and white rose, whose parent bushes had for years grown peacefully side by side, and put forth their fragrant flowers in harmony, at length had a dispute as to the merits of each other to be called beautiful.

“How presumptuous you are, Mr. Red Rose,” said the white, “to lay any claims to beauty! Why, you are so gaudy I am ashamed of you; you hold up your red face as bold as though you were the king of flowers; there is no modesty in you, or you would hide a face that looks as though ready to burst with wine. Your vanity is intolerable, and, for my part, I cannot conceive why you are allowed to grow, unless it be to show, by contrast, how much more beautiful are my own delicate leaves.”

“Stop there, Madame White Rose,” said the red; “it is but fair that I should have a word to say in a matter involving my reputation. Do you not know that the palm of beauty has al-

ways been given to me ? Doth not the warrior gather me to adorn his crest, while you think yourself lucky if you can rest in the hair, or on the bosom of some love-sick maiden ? Were it not so serious a matter, I would laugh at your foolishness ; as it is, the crimson on my cheek is deepened with blushes for your impudence."

There was much dispute of this kind passed between them, which we will not here relate ; but their disputing did not bring them one whit nearer to agreement ; they even called each other by harder names, and were on the point of settling the dispute by a use of their thorns, when a wise and modest lily, who was standing by and listening to the controversy, thus addressed them :

"I am pained that two friends whom I so much esteem, and who, on other matters, manifest so much sense, should be so foolish as to quarrel about so insignificant a thing as their good looks."

Upon this, the disputing roses turned to the lily, and begged that he would be an umpire to decide upon their respective claims.

"Cheerfully," replied the lily, "for, blessed are they who restore peace between those who quarrel. Know, then, that you are both beautiful, when you are not marred by envy or pride.

The great Creator has given to each the color that pleased him best, and you are both needed, to perfect the plan of his wondrous creation. You both derive your colors from the same source ; and it is indeed vain for one to boast over the other. Learn, then, to be wise ; fulfil your mission by spreading the perfume and displaying the colors which He who made everything beautiful has given you ; and the deep crimson of one shall be softened by the light hue of the other, while the pale cheek shall receive a delicate blush, reflected upon it by the companion it now despises ; and thus shall you both be more beautiful than now."

MORAL. — Never despise the excellences, or accomplishments of another, because they differ from your own ; remember they are all needful to fill up the divine picture of life.



A SHORT STORY FOR LITTLE READERS.

BY MRS. SARAH W. DESMAZES.

“COME, Helen and Adine, we have had a fine ramble this morning. Your glowing cheeks almost, if not quite, rival the roses that we have just gathered from the garden. Sit you both down beside me on this grassy bank, under the shade of this beautiful cherry-tree, and while we watch the little birds so busy building their nests, we will have a pleasant chat.”

“And will you tell us a story?”

“Yes, you little chatter-boxes, you shall have a story.”

“A *true* story, cousin Sarah; let it be a *true* story.”

“Certainly, it shall be a true story, and I wish you to be very attentive, so that you may remember it.”

“Oh yes, we will.”

“Well, then; many years ago, and in a country far distant from this, there lived a king, who was neither a just nor a good king; for he treated a

part of his subjects very cruelly. He placed task-masters over them, who compelled them to do very laborious work, and often exacted of them more than they had strength to perform. In other ways he afflicted them grievously, so that their lives became a weary burden.

“It is very unwise, as well as unkind, for a king to treat his subjects in this manner, because he soon loses their respect and good-will, and they are, in consequence, much harder to govern than if they were treated kindly. But, notwithstanding their toils and privations, these people increased very rapidly, and the king greatly feared that they might rebel against him, and, uniting with some other nation, take away his kingdom from him ; but instead of pursuing a milder course towards them, or even attempting to gain in the least degree their love, he grew more cruel and unjust. He made a law that all the male children born among them should be thrown into the river and drowned. By this barbarous act he determined to reduce their numbers so as to prevent them from ever making any successful effort to regain their liberty.

“Now there lived in that country a woman, who had a little baby boy, whom she loved very tenderly. She concealed him three months in her house, and when she found that she could not

safely keep him any longer, she devised a plan by which she hoped to preserve him from the cruelty of the king. She gathered some reeds from the banks of the river, and wove a little ark or basket, which she covered with pitch, to keep the water from getting into it. This made a little boat. She then dressed her little boy very neatly, kissed his rosy lips, and pressing him to her bosom, laid him in the ark which she had prepared, and placed it in the river near which she dwelt.

“ Oh, how sadly she must have felt when she left him there, and how fervently she must have prayed that God would preserve him from danger !

“ Now it happened about this time that the daughter of the king, with her maidens, came down to the river to bathe ; and when she saw the little ark or boat, she sent one of her maids to bring it to her.

“ How much surprised she must have been when she found that it contained an infant ! We may suppose that the princess, when she looked at the little child, whose eyes were filling with tears, as he saw strange faces around him, felt her heart yearn towards him, for with love and pity she immediately exclaimed, ‘ This is one of

the Hebrews' children ; I will adopt him for my own !'

"The little child's sister, who had lingered near to see what would become of him, and who had witnessed this proceeding, now ventured to come forward and ask if she might bring a nurse for the child from the Hebrew women. The princess replied that she might. So she went and brought the little child's own mother, and the princess said to her, 'Take him home and nurse him, and I will pay thee.' With what joy she must have received her babe again ; and how grateful she must have felt to her heavenly Father, that his life was not only preserved, but that she was to be permitted to bestow upon him a mother's love and protection ! So the child remained with his mother as long as the princess desired ; then she took him to her own home, and he became her son, and she called his name Moses."

"O, cousin Sarah, it was 'Moses in the bulrushes !' There is a picture of him in my little Bible."

"Yes, it was ; and when he became a man he assisted his poor, oppressed countrymen, and delivered them out of the hands of the cruel king Pharaoh. Afterwards God made him a ruler over his people, and gave him the ten com-

mandments and many other laws to teach to the people."

"Well, what became of this wicked king? Did he receive any punishment!"

"Yes; and I wish you to remember that the wicked are always punished sooner or later for their crimes.

"The Israelites asked permission to depart from his country, but Pharaoh refused until God had sent upon him very severe afflictions, when he reluctantly consented; but after they had departed he felt sorry that he had let them go, and followed them with an army of men, to capture them and take them back again. He overtook them upon the borders of the Red Sea; and here it was that God, in a very remarkable manner, interposed in behalf of the Israelites. He commanded Moses to stretch forth his hands, and he did so, and the waters of the sea were divided, so that Moses and his countrymen passed through on dry land; but Pharaoh and his host following, the waters flowed back upon them, and they were all drowned.

"The history of these events, and the journeyings of the Israelites through the wilderness, is very interesting, and when you are a little older you can read it from the Bible."



BRAZEN SERPENT.

THE BRAZEN SERPENT.

BY MISS E. DOTEN.

“And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.”

JOHN iii. 14, 15.

STILL over wandering Israel's way
The mystic pillar brightly glowed,
And still upon the holy ark
The presence of the Lord abode ;
And still, like drops of dew, there fell
The heavenly manna, pure and sweet ;
And still the golden cherubim
Watched o'er the blessed mercy-seat.

But faithless hearts and murmuring lips
Saw not the blessings round them shed ;
They mourned for Egypt's pleasant land,
And cast aside the heavenly bread ;
They asked of him who led them forth,
A band of trembling, toil-worn slaves,
“ Why hast thou brought us here to die,
Far from our homes and fathers' graves ? ”

Then, like the messengers of wrath,
The hissing serpents round them came ;
They gathered o'er the wanderer's path,
In shining folds, with eyes of flame

The mothers clasped their little ones
And wildly shrieked for aid, in vain ;
And aged men, and blooming maids,
Sank down to perish in their pain.

Then came their faithful leader forth,
And raised the brazen serpent high,
And whosoever looked thereon,
In trusting faith, he might not die.
As if the pitying heavens dropped down
Its blessed dew, like healing balm,
A rest unto that host was given, —
A rest from fear, a peaceful calm.

Oh, prophet-like that serpent seemed,
An emblem of *our* holy faith, —
A type of that which hath redeemed
Our souls from darkness and from death !
Dear Saviour ! Blessed Lamb of God !
Since thou for *us* wast raised on high,
We turn our trusting eye to thee,
That through *thy* love *we* may not die.



THE MIRACLES OF CHRIST.

A COLLOQUY.

BY REV. L. J. FLETCHER.

(Mother and eldest daughter upon the stage.)

Mother. Harriet, I deem the scenes of yesterday quite wonderful. I know not what to think of them, unless I say that Jesus is indeed the Christ which the prophets have promised. He was present at the wedding of Zimron and Rebecca, and when there was no more wine, they brought water in vessels and set it before him, and immediately they drew out and bare to the guests, and behold, it was better wine than before we had tasted!

Harriet. It was indeed wonderful. But, mother, did you taste yourself, and know that it was wine?

Mother. Yes, child, we all drank and knew there was no deception.

Harriet. And are you sure that Jesus made it from the water that was brought to him?

Mother. Yes, for many of the guests stood by, and as Jesus came and looked upon the

water, it changed to a beautiful claret hue, and what we drank was drawn from the same vessels.

Harriet. Truly, it is very wonderful. It must be that he is the promised Messiah. Did he do any other wonderful work ?

Mother. None at the wedding ; but I was told that he had healed the sick and cast out devils.

Harriet. Where is he now, do you suppose ? I would go *far* to look upon so wonderful a personage. Will he not pass this way, as he goes up to Jerusalem on the great feast-day ?

Mother. He may, or he may not ; for I am told that the Chief Priests and Elders at Jerusalem despise him, and have sought to slay him.

Harriet. Is he not a *good* man, then ?

Mother. Yes, there is no guile found upon his lips or evil in his life. He goes about doing good ; and because he blesses all classes of people with his instructions and wonderful works, our rulers despise him, and call him the poor Nazarene.

Harriet. The more you speak of him the more I wish to see him. How strange all this seems to me ! I am confident I should believe on him as the Christ if I could witness his miracles, as he is said to perform them. But here

come William and Martha. Why do they make such haste? They must have news to tell.

(Enter William and Martha, in great haste.)

Mother. Children, why do you come in such haste? Have you news to tell me?

William and Martha. Oh mother! mother! Such a man as we have seen to-day! I am sure there is not another like him in all the world.

Mother. *(Turns to Harriet.)* Can it be they have seen Jesus?

Martha. Jesus! Yes, that is his name. I heard the people call him Jesus.

Harriet. Do tell me what he did! Where did you see him, children? Where is he now?

William. We saw him in the highway which leads towards Jerusalem. He came from Jericho, and a great multitude came with him; and what do you think we saw him do?

Mother. I know not, children. He is a great and wonderful man, and he may have done a very wonderful work.

Harriet. Do tell us—I am so anxious to hear more of him.

Martha. You know old Bartimeus and Simon, the blind beggars?

Mother. Yes, they were *born* blind.

Martha. Well, they can both of them see now, just as well as you can.

William. Yes, mother, Jesus cured them in a minute, by just saying, Be of good cheer, and touching their eyes with his finger.

Martha. Yes ; it was just so, mother, for I saw it myself, — and such a shouting and rejoicing as there was you never heard

Mother. Is it possible, children, that what you say is true ? Is it possible that old Bartimeus and Simon are cured of their blindness ?

William. I tell you, dear mother, we saw it done, not one hour ago. We were leading the beggars up to the synagogue, when we saw Jesus and the multitude coming ; so we stopped by the way-side while they passed by ; and when the beggars cried for help to the people, Jesus stopped and opened their eyes —

Harriet. What did the people say when they saw it done ?

Martha. Some cried, Hosanna ! Some said he must be a great prophet ; and I heard one say that he must be the son of God.

William. Yes, I heard a great many say so ; and I think he must be ; just think of it. He cured two men of their blindness, who never saw before in all their lives —

Harriet. Where is he now? Why do you not tell, that I may go and see him also?

Martha. He is now on his way to Jerusalem, and Bartimeus and Simon have followed him.

Harriet. Oh, mother, I know that he must be the Christ whom the prophets have promised. What would I have given to have seen him!

Mother. Go, children, retire to your rest, and think of the wonder you have seen. To-morrow we will talk more of it. There can be no doubt but Jesus is the greatest personage that ever lived. We shall doubtless hear more of him soon.

Martha. I think he must be a very *good* man, as well as a great man, for he placed his hands upon our heads, and blessed us, and said that all children who are kind to the poor, and blind, and unfortunate, are beloved by God —

William. Yes, mother, Jesus blessed us, and said, "Of such are the kingdom of heaven." But here come James and Mary. They must have *met* Jesus, as they have just returned from Damascus with uncle Zebedee —

(Enter James and Mary.)

Mother. My dear children, I am happy to welcome you home again. Do you bring us any news?

James. News! news! Yes, I suppose it is news, for we have to tell you the most wonderful things you ever heard in all your life!

Mary. Yes, mother, the most wonderful, certain, that ever were in the world —

Mother. What have you to tell so very strange? I am sure it cannot be more so than what William and Martha have just related.

James. Oh yes, I am *sure* it is, for we have seen a man raised from the dead —

Mary. Yes, dear mother, a man the people were carrying to his grave!

Mother. You surprise me, children, more and more. But how was this marvellous work performed, and who performed it?

Mary. The people called him Jesus! He was a very beautiful man, and when he saw the mourners weeping, he went up to the bier, and took the dead man by the hand, and he rose right up, and spoke to his mother, and walked with her to his home —

James. It was just so, mother; for we both stood where we saw it done, and heard the people shout when the dead man lived.

Harriet. We can doubt no more, I think, but Jesus is the Son of God. No other being could do such works. Oh, mother, how I wish he could see our little Samuel! I have no doubts

but if he could see him he would cure him of his leprosy, by just looking at him.

Martha. Yes, ma, I know he would ; for I heard the people that were with him say that a woman was healed by just touching the hem of Jesus' garment.

Harriet. Oh, do let us go to Jerusalem, and carry Samuel, and bowing down and worshipping Jesus, ask him to bestow his healing power upon the child. Let us lose no time, but go to-morrow, and see and know for ourselves. For one, I can never rest satisfied until I have seen that great, and, as I believe, holy being.

Mother. Well, we will go. O how happy we all should be, if Samuel could only be cured of that dreadful disease ! I feel already that much has been done for my family in the blessing pronounced upon William and Martha. I can but think it was a blessing from Heaven.

(Enter little Samuel, led by a neighbor's daughter.)

Jane, whose child bring you hither ? Indeed, he is a lovely boy ! He is as fair as an infant. Is he your brother's child ?

Jane. Have you not seen this boy before ?

Mother. The form of his features seems familiar, but I do not know that I ever *saw* him before —

Samuel. Why, *mother* ! I thought you would never forget your little Samuel !

Mother. *My Samuel ! my Samuel !* Oh, it is his voice, but it cannot be him. No, it *cannot be my Samuel* !

Samuel. Yes, dear mother, *it is me* ! And I have seen Jesus, and he has cured me and blest me. Oh, is he not a good man, and ought we not to love him ?

Mother. Samuel, my angel child, my blest of Jesus, come to my arms ! (*Mother embraces him and kisses him.*)

Harriet. Mother ! dearest mother ! Is not this enough ?

Mother. Yes, Harriet, it is enough. Jesus, blessed Jesus ! “Thou art the Son of God, thou art the King of Israel !”

Harriet. “Lord, I believe ; help thou my unbelief.”

Mother. Children, all the blessings of this day, as well as of all other days, come to us from God. No being could do the works which Jesus has done except God be with him. Kneel, therefore, with me, before the Author of all these mercies, and let us in silence send up to him our thanksgiving and our praises.

(All kneel, and remain in silent prayer for a moment, after which the mother says Amen! The children then say Amen, and all arise.)

Children, you have some of you received this day the blessing of the Son of God. Perhaps you need no more; still you shall have a mother's blessing as ever, and her prayer that this day's scenes may long be remembered. Come, Samuel, my blessed child, let us go. Children; 'tis time to retire, so I will bid you *good-night*.

All. Good-night, mother; we all shall dream of Jesus.



HOW DO YOU KNOW HE 'S HONEST?

BY REV. HENRY BACON.

A LITTLE boy was observed by his father to have a new toy, and the father asked him where he got it? The boy mentioned the name of one of his schoolmates, and said he gave it to him. This excited the father's surprise, to think that a plaything of that character should be bought by a lad, and then immediately given away, and he expressed his fear that the giver might not have come honestly by the money he spent. The circumstance was improved to impress on the receiver of the gift, that if he should *know* or *think* that another came dishonestly in possession of anything, he ought not to receive it as a gift, on any account.

"But," said the little boy who held the toy, "I *know* he's honest."

"I should be glad to think so," replied the father, "and am ready to hear any reasons why I should believe so. How do you *know* he's honest?"

"Well, in the first place," said the young

philosopher, as though he were entering into a grave debate in the old-fashioned style of preaching. "In the first place, *he never tells a lie*; and *that* shows he's honest, don't it?"

The father readily allowed the inference, and the boy declared that all his schoolmates might be asked if Charley Bliss ever told a lie, and "they'd all say no, right off."

"Well, then," continued the young lawyer making out his case, "*he never steals anything*—not the *least* thing; and *that* shows he's honest, don't it?"

"I've been with him," he continued, "many a time in stores and other places, and when other boys would hook a little here and a little there, he'd keep his hands behind him, or in his pockets. And then, father, I've known him to go on errands; and he's very good to oblige folks, and folks like him; and I've seen him saw wood and get shavings; and I've seen his father, and folks round there, give him money, and he take it to buy something to share with the boys; and isn't *that* honest?"

The father owned that a pretty strong case was made out, and he felt relieved in his mind.

If all children could give as good evidence of honesty in those from whom they take presents at times, as this little boy gave, and take no gifts

unless they could do so, parents would have far less anxiety than they now have, respecting their children who are exposed to pernicious influence in the public town and city schools. Such traits of character as were described by the little reasoner, as he plead for the honesty of his schoolmate, are admirable in any child. Where such good qualities meet, there is a child with whom any parent would be glad to have his son associate. No matter if he isn't dressed as handsome as some others. Let a boy *never* tell a lie; let him *never* steal anywhere, in reference to the smallest things; and let him be obliging, generous, and willing to work as he is able, and I cannot but think that he must be a happy child, a joy in his home, a gladness to his parents. "Even a child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure, and whether it be right." Prov. xx. 11. Can your schoolmates, my young readers, *know* as good things of you as this young reasoner knew of the doings of his friend?



THE SPIRIT CHILD.

BY MISS E. DOTEN.

“ To thee, sweet Eden, how dark and sad
Are the diamond turrets of Shadukiam,
Or the fragrant bowers of Amberabad !”

PARADISE AND THE PERI.

WHO has not heard of Fairy-land and the fairies ? of their beautiful cities, their pleasant groves, their moonlight revels, and their love for little children ? We love to think of such bright and beautiful things, and feel almost sad when we remember it is all a fancy ; but yet, there was a child in a far eastern country, who saw fairer and more beautiful things than were ever heard of in Fairy-land. Her father was what is called a paria. All the people around him worshipped idols, but he would not, and so they drove him from among them. He came, with his wife and little one, to a lonely but very beautiful valley, and there he built his cabin of bamboo, thatched with palm-leaves, and lived contented and happy. The child had no little playmates, and no one to speak to but her father and mother. She was very simple-hearted and innocent, and grew more

gentle and lovely every day she lived. The birds and flowers seemed like brothers and sisters to her ; and oh ! it was a strange and beautiful thing to see how her heart turned towards God, and learned to love him, before she had ever heard his name. Wherever the children of the Great Father dwell, and however rude and ignorant they may seem, they all have a sense of something higher and holier than themselves, and a desire to love and worship. Thus did the spirit of this dear child, as if by instinct, see strange beauty in all things around her, and learned to love and worship God, although she was never taught of him. She would often wander away alone ; then it seemed as if the birds and flowers talked with her, and the bright waters smiled at the sound of her footsteps. She felt so very, *very* happy — a joy that she could not express — that she would lay her hand upon her heart, and say, “What is it? oh! what is it?” for she did not understand that it was the holy spirit that God had given her, that always fills the heart with love and happiness, when it meets with aught of a kindred nature ; and all the beautiful creations of God around her were as pure as the spirit within ; therefore, while she held sweet communion with these, she was happy. The inhabitants of the surrounding

country would often come to the valley to gather fruit, and when they saw her sitting under the palm-trees, or kneeling beside the running waters, they would pass her by in silence, for they said, "She sees spirits, and is talking with them; we will not trouble her." Therefore they called her the Spirit Child.

One day, as she sat alone in the cabin, weaving a little basket, a stranger entered. His garments were covered with dust, and he looked very pale and weary. He wished to rest a while, and begged her to give him a cup of cold water. She brought him some fruit and water, and a mat to lie down upon. After he was somewhat refreshed, he began to talk with her. He said he had travelled in many countries, that he had known much suffering, met with many hardships, and been in great danger; but, through the whole, he had been sustained and protected by God, the Father and Friend of all, who had never forsaken him.

"Where is he now?" said the simple-hearted child, as she looked around the cabin and out of the door; "what made him leave you?"

The stranger smiled, and told her that "God is a spirit." Then, in simple and earnest words, he explained to her how nearly her own soul was allied to God. He told her that she was one of

the dear children of the great Father, and all her moments of happiness, her holy thoughts and pure impulses, came from the spirit of God dwelling in her own little heart. The child listened to him with large and wondering eyes. All the strange fancies and imperfect ideas, that had long passed through her mind, now seemed to come into beautiful and perfect form, and she knew now what had often made her feel so happy. But, oh! when he told her of the bright and beautiful heaven, where the angels dwell, it seemed almost too much for her to understand clearly; she only knew that she longed to go there, and when the stranger left her, she sat like one in a dream, wondering how she might get to heaven.

The valley where she dwelt was surrounded by mountains, some of which seemed to touch the clouds, and the child thought if she could only reach the top of one of these, she might go directly into heaven, or, at least, hear the sweet singing of the angels. She resolved, in all the simplicity of her heart, not to say a word to her father and mother, but the next morning she would begin early to climb up the mountain. She could scarcely sleep that night, her mind was so wholly filled with this idea.

The next morning, at the first peep of day, she

sprang from her bed, and opened the door of the cottage. But, alas! the rain fell in torrents, and the heart of the child became very sad. Before long the rain ceased, the sun came forth, and high up in the heavens shone a beautiful rainbow. "Oh!" exclaimed the child, as she gazed at it in wonder and admiration, "what a bright thing the Father has placed for me to come up to him on. I will go quickly; but first I will gather some roses for little Zillah. I used to play with her a long time ago, but she died and is in heaven now. Fairer and sweeter roses grow there, but she will be so glad to think that I remember her. Far away, where the water falls over the great rock, stands the end of this beautiful arch; I shall reach it soon, and then how gladly shall I go up to that blessed heaven the good stranger told me of!" She gathered a few half-blown roses, and hastened forward. So earnest was she, and sure she should find where the rainbow stood by the great rock, that she did not once think to look up to the clouds; but when she reached the wished-for spot, there was no rainbow, or the least shadow of one, to be seen, and above her was a dark, frowning cloud.

Weary and disheartened, she sank down and covered her face with her hands. Scarcely had she done so, when she heard a soft, low voice say

to her, "Dear child, unto thee it is given to enter into the kingdom of heaven. Ask and thou shalt receive, seek and thou shalt find, knock and it shall be opened unto thee. The pure in heart shall see God."

The child raised not her head; she sat still and motionless, but her spirit seemed to rise up like a joyous bird in the clear sunlight. The mists that lay around her slowly gathered themselves up and rolled away, as the soft air, moving to the melody of the golden harps, gathered around her in a bright silvery garment; and, lo! she stood beneath the tree of life, that grows beside the crystal stream, that runneth from the throne of God, in the midst of the holy city. The odors of Eden fell sweetly around her; the loving angels looked kindly upon her, while, by her side stood the blessed Lord Jesus, of whom the stranger had spoken.

"Dear lamb of my flock," he said, "what wouldst thou?" "Lord, that I may become more like thee," said the gentle-hearted child. "Even thus shall it be," he answered; "the Father hath sent thee into the world to do his will. Thou must bear the bread and water of life to the hungry and thirsting souls around thee. Thou must become eyes to the blind, ears to the deaf, feet to the lame, and joy to the despairing.

Patient in sorrow, perfect in meekness, trusting in God. By doing this shalt thou assimilate thyself to me, heaven shall ever lie around thee, and God shall dwell in thy heart." Reverently did the child kneel down at his feet, and clasping her hands, in all earnestness of spirit she said, "I am ready to do the Father's will, even unto death." As she uttered these words, a soft, warm air, sweeter than the breath of roses, seemed to rest upon her brow. Sensibly and perceptibly came the presence of the Great Spirit Father. She felt that he was near her, around her, in her heart. There was joy among the angels, and a song of praise was on every lip, for the mighty hosts of cherubim and seraphim seemed to be moved as one, by the all-pervading presence of God. As if a new life and strength had been given unto her, the child rose up. "Now am I able to do all things," she said, "since the Father hath entered into my heart; and while his spirit shall abide with me, I fail not, I faint not. I leave you, bright angels, to do whatever I can of good in the earth, and when my mission is ended, I shall come and dwell with you forever and ever. Dear Father, strengthen me against temptation, and deliver me from evil, and I shall yet do thy will upon the earth, as it is done in heaven!" Then, as if borne on the wings of a dove, sh-

floated away through the pure air, while the music of the crystal waters, and the sweet voices of the angels, seemed to follow after her to cheer her onward in her mission ; and when she raised her head, and found herself still sitting by the great rock, in the shade of the palm tree, that melody was still in her heart. But this was not a dream — no, it *was not* a dream ; neither was the child carried up bodily, beyond the sun and stars, into an outward and visible creation ; but, when she came with a spirit yearning after the holy and beautiful, to seek for the rainbow, that she might enter into the immediate presence of God, and found it not, she heard the voice of the Father calling her out of the depths of her heart, to enter into that “ kingdom of heaven ” which the Lord Jesus hath said is within us ; and as she held communion with the high and holy thoughts that came to her like the voices of angels, she received more of the spirit of all good, and thus she became strengthened for the duties of life.

There is an Eden of quietness and beauty in every gentle heart, that truly loves the Father, and strives to do his will. It is more peaceful than the land of dreams, more beautiful than the regions of fancy. There come the pitying and consoling angels, to minister unto us in our hours of trial and temptation, and there dwells

the Spirit of the Great Father. Oh, could we oftener enter into this holy place, and when we say "Our Father who art in heaven," instead of looking up to the blue ether, and the material worlds above us, we could enter more truly into this "kingdom within" us, then would we never wish to grieve away the blessed spirits that dwell there, by our sin and unthankfulness. Not only would there be a heaven within us, but around us, and heart joining with heart, love would no longer become worn and wearied by unkindness, and anger and resentment would become only words to express things that were.



THE COMPLAINT.

BY MRS. N. T. MUNROE.

THERE IS NO sign of clearing,
The sky is dark and gray,
And faster now 't is raining
Than it has rained to-day.

All yesterday was gloomy,
To-day is worse by far ;
I fairly long to see the sun,
Or e'en a single star.

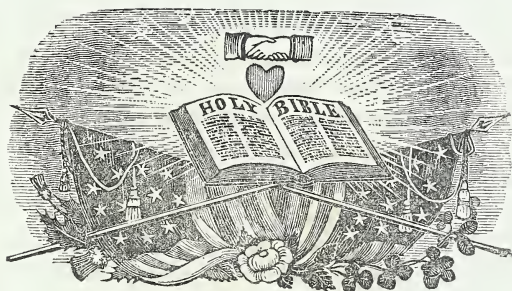
But this continual dropping
Is death to schemes of mine ;
The sun is surely crossing
The equinoctial line.

I wish it could have put it off,
Or crossed with better grace ;
I 'm sure I do not see the use
Of such a cloudy face.

Some other time I should have liked
This long-continued rain,
But now I surely must confess
It gives less joy than pain.

I oftentimes like a rainy day,
Or even two together ;
But now, I did not calculate
Upon this gloomy weather.

There is no sign of clearing,
The wind is out dead east ;
I know, I 'm sure, that it will rain
A week or so, at least.



HOW CHILDREN MAY BE HAPPY.

BY CHARLES W. SWASEY.

THE song of the nightingale is not so musical as the artless prattle of a happy child ; and his rosy cheeks and glowing countenance are more lovely to gaze upon than the most beautiful flowers of the garden. But children are not always happy, and principally because they do not always OBEY THEIR PARENTS. This is the secret of many of their little crosses and vexations, and, indeed, of many of the greater misfortunes of life. While, on the other hand, those children who are obedient to their parents in all things, generally grow up to be good men and women. To illustrate this obvious, but important truth, we will tell our little readers a story about the misfortunes of a lad who would not mind his parents, and another about the good fortunes of a boy who loved his father and his mother, and was always ready to do their bidding.

Some thirty or forty years ago, there lived in Frampton, in the county of Lincolnshire, England, a lad named WILLIAM L——N. He

was the son of a farmer, and was at an early age sent to the Sunday school, where he imbibed a respect for the name and character of the Supreme Being, which, in after life, served to restrain him from crimes that he might otherwise have committed. But he was indolent in his studies, and excessively fond of amusement, which often involved him in trouble, and rendered him amenable to the laws of the land, besides subjecting him to his father's displeasure. His amusements were principally those of robbing gardens and orchards, trapping game, and hunting birds' nests. To this last named evil he was so much addicted as frequently to expose himself to the most imminent danger of breaking his limbs and losing his life; and he suffered severely by climbing into thorn-hedges in pursuit of his object, besides sometimes tearing his clothes in rags.

I wish my young readers to remember that William L——n indulged these mischievous propensities, as often and as far as circumstances would permit, in defiance of the strictest injunctions of his *parents* to the contrary. Had he obeyed them, and refrained from his sinful pursuits, he would have escaped the censure and severe punishment which he often received as the consequence of his offences. These were

numerous, but we will not stop now to mention them. Suffice it to say, that he became a source of painful uneasiness to his parents, who deemed it necessary to put him out to service, hoping that the instructions of experience would make him a better boy. He was, accordingly, sent to live with a respectable farmer some twelve miles from his home ; but his master, not needing him as a servant, William soon left and returned to his father's house.

William was again put out to live, at a greater distance from home ; but his master was a passionate man, and would censure him for the slightest offence. He became dissatisfied with his treatment, but dared not utter a complaint. He thought of home, yet feared to return there, for he had offended his parents by his unruly conduct. Still he determined to leave this unpleasant place of service, and seek employment elsewhere. He engaged himself as a groom or horse-keeper, to the landlord of a tavern ; but here, as in the former case, his employer proved to be an ill-tempered and fault-finding man, so much so that his servants never remained long in his employ. William's condition was now but little better than that of a slave. Among his other toils, he was obliged, on every Sabbath day, to take a horse to a clergyman, four miles distant, and return on foot

before breakfast; and in the evening to go on foot and bring it back again. Besides this, his food was unwholesome, consisting of a little meat half boiled, and bread made of the coarsest materials, scantily baked, and full of coals. His father, learning of his situation, sent to relieve his wants and urge him to return home; but, needy as he was, he was proof against both the kindness of his friends, and the love of his parents; and instead of obeying their request, he went to work as a day-laborer in the outskirts of the town. He remained in this occupation for some time, but wages being low, and labor scarce, it was with difficulty he procured a scanty subsistence, which induced him to leave the place and offer himself as a soldier. He accordingly went to Horncastle, and requested to be joined to the 2d regiment of Rifle Guards, but was objected to as being too short. Determined not to be disappointed, he left this place and went to Lincoln, where he offered himself a second time, and was rejected on the same ground as before, because he was not sufficiently tall.

These repeated disappointments robbed William of his spirits, and made him the victim of despondency; hope forsook his bosom, and prosperity refused to smile upon him. In the lan-

guage of the prodigal son, he said, "I will arise and go to my father." The next Sabbath he reached his home, where his parents received him with joy and kindness, and his sorrows and his wanderings were forgotten ; and had he continued to obey their loving counsel and advice, many of his subsequent sufferings would have been avoided. But, on the succeeding summer he entered the employ of a gentleman in a neighboring town, where his hard fortune followed him. His master was passionate and cruel, and twice whipped him most unjustly. He left ; but instead of going to his home, as he should have done, he went to the town of Stamford, in company with a dissolute youth, to gratify whose intemperance he was obliged to sell his watch, and expend his last shilling. William then abandoned this ungrateful companion, and again offered himself as a soldier, but without success. He was now without money, and compelled to sell a portion of the clothing which he wore to procure food to satisfy his hunger. He wandered from place to place, with little to eat, with nothing to do, and sometimes obliged to beg for food, or starve. Once more, and it proved for the last time, he resolved to seek the shelter of his childhood's home, where he arrived on the Sabbath day. He had previously engaged himself to

work with a gentleman in a town some miles distant from Stamford, and returned the following day, Monday, to fulfil his engagement. His mother accompanied him as far as Boston, a town adjoining his native village, where she purchased him a suit of clothes. She then retired with him to the solitude of the graveyard, and there imprinted the last warm kiss of affection upon his burning cheek — there took the last fond embrace of her wayward child — and there uttered her last endearing words, — “Farewell, my son, be a *good* boy!”

William had lived at his new place but six weeks, when his master called him one morning, gave him *one shilling*, and dismissed him from his employ. With this one shilling in his pocket he left for Lincoln, where he sold such articles of clothing as he could spare, to obtain means to travel with. He vainly solicited employment in several towns, until at last he was driven, by imperious necessity, to enlist as a soldier. After a number of unsuccessful attempts, he succeeded in joining a rifle regiment, stationed at Montreal, on the river St. Lawrence, in Canada East. Thus, on the 6th day of December, 1820, at the age of only 15 years, William L——n enlisted *for life*, as a soldier in the British service.

It would be interesting to my young readers to

enter into a detail of the hardships and sufferings of a British soldier's life, at the time of which I am speaking ; but I have not time to do this, and can only tell you that they were subjected to a round of unceasing toil, and never permitted to go beyond the sound of the drum. Martial laws were very strict, and the punishment for their infringement very severe. If a soldier was found guilty of stealing, he was punished with *three hundred lashes upon the bare back* ; and for some crimes the unfortunate victims were doomed to receive *seven hundred* lashes ! These punishments generally disabled the culprit for weeks or months, and sometimes caused death. William, however, was so fortunate as to escape the martial whip, though he endured many other hardships, such as hunger, fatigue, cold, &c.

Let us now follow our young hero across the broad Atlantic, until he arrives in Montreal, on the American continent. Here he was duly joined to his regiment, and here he renewed and continued his life of toil and suffering. Seeing no reason to hope that his condition would ever be more tolerable, in about two years he conceived the design of deserting his regiment and running away to the United States. To effect this design, he stole a horse from one of the officers, and a small sum of money to obtain food on the

way ; and on a cold night in the month of February, thinly clad, and without an outer garment, he commenced his escape on horseback. The cold was so intense that he froze his hands and feet, and, after travelling forty miles, he put up at a tavern, and called for some refreshments. While at this tavern, the landlord suspected him of being a deserter, took effectual steps to ascertain the fact, and reported him to his officers. To us it seems cruel that the landlord should have done this ; but he was an unfeeling man, and betrayed the young soldier because he should receive for it the sum of thirty dollars, which the British army then paid for the detection of deserters. William was now conveyed back to Montreal, where he was tried for the crimes of desertion and theft, and condemned to die. The jury, however, recommended him to mercy, and after lying in prison a few weeks, bound in irons, the governor was prevailed upon to remit the sentence of death, and to consign him to five years' hard labor in the jail at Quebec. And here, immured within the massive walls of a cold and cheerless prison, compelled to subsist on coarse and scanty food, and to pick thirty pounds of oakum per week, we will take leave of our young and unfortunate hero.

I have said that William was "unfortunate ;"

but have my young readers reflected that the cause of all his misfortunes was *disobedience to his parents' commands* when a boy and living at home? Such is the fact; and the story of his sufferings I trust you will all remember, and be warned by them to shun the example of his early youth.

The other story which I promised to relate, is of one whose name is familiar to every child.

At the age of fourteen years, GEORGE WASHINGTON felt a very strong desire to follow the sea, and accordingly obtained a warrant as midshipman in the British navy. His then widowed mother was grieved at the thought of parting with her loved and only son, and entreated him to relinquish his design and remain with her. George was a good boy; he could not think of acting contrary to his mother's wishes, and, therefore, resigned his commission, in obedience to her request. "This act of duty," says one of his biographers, "prepared the way for that brilliant career of greatness which ended in freeing a nation, and earning for him the noblest of all titles, that of 'Father of his Country.'" Had George Washington been a wilful and disobedient boy, he would have entered the service of the British navy, despite the entreaties of his mother; and

then, instead of immortalizing his name and his memory, by the greatness and the goodness of his after life, and being the chief instrument, in the hands of God, of freeing this now great and happy country from British oppression, he would in all probability have fought *against* our liberties, and perhaps have died unhonored in a foreign land. But now, "there is no speech nor language" where the name of WASHINGTON is not repeated with reverence and respect. He is everywhere regarded as a model of human greatness; and no higher aspiration can be cherished than to be like Washington, the political saviour of his country, unless we except a sincere desire to be like JESUS, the spiritual Saviour of the world. The secret of his greatness was his goodness, and the secret of his goodness was filial obedience to his parents in his childhood, to his widowed mother in his boyhood, and to his God in manhood. On the 14th day of December, 1799, at the age of 67 years, this good man died, and was buried near his residence at Mount Vernon, deeply mourned by millions of grateful and loving people. Should any of my young readers ever be so happy as to visit the "Grave of Washington," I hope they will remember and there repeat the following beautiful lines, written by Marshall S. Pike :

“ Disturb not his slumbers ! let WASHINGTON sleep
'Neath the boughs of the willow that over him weep
His arm is unnerved, but his *deeds* remain bright
As the stars in the dark-vaulted heaven at night.
Oh ! wake not the hero ; his battles are o'er ;
Let him sleep undisturbed on Potomac's fair shore ;
On the river's green border, so flow'ry dressed,
With the hearts he loved fondly, let Washington rest.

Awake not his slumbers ! tread lightly around !
'T is the grave of a freeman, 't is Liberty's mound !
'Thy name is immortal — our Freedom it won —
Brave sire of Columbia, *our own* WASHINGTON !
Oh ! wake not the hero ; his battles are o'er ;
Let him sleep, calmly sleep, on his dear native shore,
While the stars and the stripes of our country shall wave
O'er the land that can boast of a WASHINGTON's grave.”

How lovely, how beautiful is this portrait of Washington ! There are no stains to mar its beauty, no shades of evil to dim its brightness. Every feature is stamped with a dignity, and a veneration which command our deepest respect. And does it not induce a desire in my young readers to be like Washington — great, and good, and beloved ? The first step to be taken, then, is to *obey your parents*, who love and care for you so tenderly. Ancient history tells us of a king who made a law against a certain crime, in which it was enacted that the offender should be punished with the loss of both eyes. The very

first transgressor was the king's own son. The case was a distressing one, for the king was an affectionate father, as well as a just magistrate. After much painful reflection, the king commanded one of his own eyes to be pulled out, and one of his son's. Here you see demonstrated the power of parental love. To have taken both the eyes of his son, would have rendered him blind forever ; but, rather than bring upon him so great a misfortune, and yet, to enforce the demands of his own law, the king chose to share his son's distress. This was an act of affection which none but a *parent* could perform. If, then, they love you so tenderly, is it too much that you should follow their direction and advice while young, and unable to act wisely for yourselves ?



ELLEN GRANT,
THE DRUNKARD'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. MARY A. LIVERMORE.

FEW children pass through as much trial and sorrow as did Ellen Grant, during the first twelve or fifteen years of her life. Few are as heavily pressed with care as she was, or have as many and as arduous duties to perform. And yet few, with age and experience twice her own, would have been more faithful in their discharge, more uncomplaining, or more devoted. Allow me, young readers, to narrate to you her history, which, I assure you, is not fiction, but with the exception of a few unimportant alterations, is wholly true.

Ellen Grant and her young brother and sister were so unfortunate as to have an intemperate father. When not under the influence of ardent spirits, Mr. Grant was a kind, industrious man, and loved his little family, and sought to provide for their wants—but when intoxicated, he was unfeeling, indolent, and an object of fear. Mrs.



ELLEN GRANT.

Grant, the poor wife, was in feeble health, and was compelled to toil so hard to assist in maintaining the family, that every year found her paler, thinner and weaker. Had her husband been a man of sober, industrious habits, her labor would have been comparatively easy; for then good food and clothing would have been furnished for herself and little ones, and her household duties would have been so lightened by the careful, dutiful Ellen, as to have rendered them very slight. But the wages earned by Mr. Grant were chiefly squandered at the bar-room, and in the dram-shop, and Mrs. Grant, feeble as she was, was therefore obliged to go out among the families of the town, to wash, iron, clean house, or sew, as she was needed, leaving Ellen to attend to affairs at home.

The family were necessarily poor and destitute. Their food was coarse and scanty, their clothing poor, and insufficient to keep them comfortable in the cold weather, while their dwelling, a rough, old house, unfit to live in, was meanly furnished. Not only did they suffer from poverty, from cold and hunger, but they endured much from Mr. Grant's unkindness, when frenzied with liquor. Many an undeserved blow did little Ellen, and her brother and sister, Susy and Freddy, receive from the heavy hand of their bru-

tal father; blows, whose dark marks were left upon the tender flesh for weeks afterwards. Even the pale-faced suffering wife, a slender, broken-spirited woman, was sometimes confined to her bed for days, by her husband's ill treatment.

Yet no word of complaint ever came from their lips; no one ever heard them speak unkindly or harshly of their drunken husband and father; and despite his ill-usage, both wife and children dealt with him kindly. A sadness seemed always to rest upon them, and tears might often be seen in the eyes of Mrs. Grant and Ellen, who, being older, realized more their wretchedness than the other children — but reproaches of him who caused all their trouble were never heard.

Hard labor, trouble, and anxiety, wore more and more upon Mrs. Grant's delicate constitution, until she became reduced almost to a shadow, and those who saw her, predicted that she would soon depart from her cares and trials forever. One morning, when Ellen was a little more than ten years old, her mother rose as usual, to go about her daily labor, but, as Ellen observed, with a paler face, and more weakness than ever. The dutiful child, ever awake to the cares and sorrows of her feeble parent, assisted her as far

as she could ; but when she entered the rough, ill-furnished apartment with a handful of sticks she had gathered for the fire, she found her poor mother extended upon the floor, apparently lifeless.

Ellen did not scream, or run off for the neighbors, leaving her mother alone, as many children would, but opening the door that the fresh air might come to her mother, and spreading over her a blanket to prevent her taking cold, she mingled camphor and water in a cup, and tried to force some of it into the sufferer's mouth. This had not the desired effect ; and bringing a piggin of cold water, she sat down upon a block of wood, which answered the purpose of a stool, and lifting her mother's head into her lap, she bathed her temples and forehead, and moistened her pale lips until signs of life returned.

By this time, Susy, whom Ellen had despatched for aid, returned with one or two kind women, who summoned the doctor. He attended her for a few days, but he could do her no good ; and ere a fortnight passed away, the poor children were motherless. It was a sad, sad time for them ; she who had loved them dearly, and whom they had loved, who had folded them to her heart, and wept over them, was hidden from their sight in the grave ; and as the poor little

creatures gathered closely together, and wept in one another's arms, they felt lonely indeed. Poor Ellen was the most to be pitied ; she was the eldest, and realized their wretched situation, and being very sensitive, it cut her to the heart.

The town's people were now very desirous to remove the children from their father's tyranny and bad example, and places would have been provided for them in good families ; but Ellen wept so bitterly when it was proposed to separate Susy and Freddy and herself, and Mr. Grant raved so fiercely at the proposal, that it was abandoned. Ellen, young as she was, immediately stepped into her mother's place, and discharged her duties. She cooked the food, made, repaired, and washed the clothing, kept the house neat and tidy, and besides this, found time to braid palm-leaf hats for the hat and bonnet manufactory in the town, and to teach Freddy and Susy to do the same, by which they earned a small sum each week.

During the winter and summer months, when only a school was taught in the town, Susy and Freddy were regularly sent to school, and Ellen herself, in the midst of all her cares, contrived to pass an hour or two each day in the school-room, which the teacher kindly sought to make as profitable to her as possible. Every one

praised the good girl's industry and thoughtfulness, and every one also pitied her that she should be debarred from all the joys of her age, and be oppressed with care. Yet few girls would have been as happy as she, severely as she labored, if her father had been a temperate man.

One — two — three — four years passed away, and Mr. Grant became worse instead of better. Every year he brought less and less of his earnings to his family, and often came home at night so furious, that the children were obliged to flee for their lives. Hard words and harder blows were constantly dealt out to them by the unnatural father; and yet the children, when questioned about the bruises they bore on their arms, faces, and necks, would always evade a direct answer, and simply say "they had got hurt."

Ellen was too sensitive to be willing that all her father's excesses should be known, and when they had suffered the most from his cruelty, and were weeping from the pain he had inflicted, she would enjoin secrecy upon her brother and sister, and charge them "not to tell anybody about it." But oh, how the poor child thought of her dead mother, and sometimes longed to lie down beside her! How she wept day and night, her eyes raining tears, tears, tears, all the time! How sad, how very sad, grew her face, the tone of her

voice, and even her manners ! Everybody said "Poor Ellen Grant !" but no one seemed able to relieve her. Her father would not reform, nor would he suffer his family to be broken up — and what could be done ?

But about a year ago, a severe sickness came upon the drunken father, which confined him to his bed for many weeks, and so reduced him, that no one expected his recovery. The physician came to see him, and some of the people of the town, but, except his children, few hoped that he would get well ; they thought it would be a blessing to his family if he did not live.

But his good child, his dutiful Ellen, hung over him as if he were the best of fathers ; she bathed his swollen and painful limbs, cooled his fevered brow, and spake kindly and gently to him, even when he raved at, and cursed her. But, by and by, the dreadful pain which racked him was stilled ; and then, as he lay helpless in bed, he noticed his excellent child's industry, patience and forbearance, her gentle attendance upon him, and her habitual sadness. Every day he saw her going through a round of duties, which would have fatigued an experienced person, half a dozen years older, economizing, laboring, guiding and advising Freddy and Susy as a mother would, and attending to his wants

like a skilful nurse — and this, when she was but fourteen years old.

He was a kind-hearted man, as I have told you, when not intoxicated, and one day, as her pale, sad face was bending over his pillow, while her hands gently bathed his brow, and smoothed his tangled hair, a tear sprang to his eye, and he said gently and tenderly, —

“Ellen, you are a good girl, and when I get out again, I’ll buy you a handsome present.”

“Oh, no, father!” said Ellen sadly; “I don’t want any present; no, father, I’d rather —” and she stopped, and her lips quivered.

“Well, what, Ellen?” asked Mr. Grant; “what were you going to say? Speak out.”

Looking into his face, and seeing the kindness that beamed there, Ellen threw her arm over her father, and burying her face in his bosom, sobbed out, “Don’t be angry, father, *don’t* be angry; but oh, I’d rather you’d sign the pledge! That would make us all *so* happy!” and the bed shook with her emotion. Mr. Grant lifted her pale face to the pillow beside his own; the tears of both father and child mingled together. He pressed a kiss on her wan cheek — the first he had bestowed on her for years — but he said not a word. A few moments, and Ellen lifted her head from the pillow, and left the

room, to relieve her heart by a yet more copious flood of tears.

That afternoon, when Susy and Freddy came from school, he called the former to his bedside, and in a low tone said, "Susy, I want you to go to Mr. Comstock's, and ask him to come up here this evening. Tell him to bring the pledge with him."

Now my young readers must know that Mr. Comstock was President of the Total Abstinence Society, and that he had often vainly endeavored to get Mr. Grant's name on the pledge. No wonder, then, that Susy stared at her father as though she thought him crazy, and that he was obliged to repeat his request a second time. Then, when she comprehended her father's wish, she bounded from the room like a wild fawn, treading on pussy, who was asleep on the floor, overturning a chair, and tearing her dress on a nail which caught it, and actually jumping up and down for joy as she communicated the news to Ellen and Freddy. Freddy jumped up a good way from the ground, and gave a loud "hurrah!" boy-fashion, and then away they scampered to Mr. Comstock's, hatless and bonnetless, outstripping horses and wagons in their joyful speed. Ellen, poor child! who was left behind, burst out afresh, and was weeping when the little ones returned.

Mr. Comstock came up, as desired, and Mr. Grant, trembling with weakness, wrote his name underneath the pledge. Oh, how happy were his children! Susy climbed up on the bed to kiss him, Ellen wept, and then laughed through her tears, and Freddy flew round the room like a spinning top, longing to "hurrah!" again, catching up poor pussy, hugging Ellen round the waist, and performing various other antics.

It is a year, nearly, since then, and Mr. Grant has not broken his pledge; and we now think the reformation will be a lasting one. His family now are comfortable, and happy; and instead of fearing their father, they love him. They have now the comforts of life; they have better food, better clothing, and better furniture, in their house. Mr. Grant says every day that he is as happy a man as there is in town, and that for his reformation, and his present happiness, he has to thank his good child, his excellent daughter, Ellen.



CHILDREN IN TRADE.

BY MRS. M. H. ADAMS.

"HERE, little boy ; I want to see you a minute," said a boy of ten years to a little boy of a group of three. The boy to whom he spoke had a tin whistle, a bird-call, enjoying its shrill sound ; and when the large boy called, he took it from his mouth and went towards the other.

"What will you take for that ? — I'll give you this," said the large boy, taking something from his own mouth.

"What is it ?" said the little fellow.

"Pitch ; pitch to chew," said the crafty boy.

The articles were exchanged. A little boy who was playing in a wagon near the boys, as if he discovered the deception, began to cry out, — "Burgundy pitch ! Burgundy pitch !" His friendly caution was not understood. The large boy walked away, well pleased with his bargain, and the little one broke a piece for each of his companions, and began to chew his own.

"It is bitter," said he ; "I don't like it ; I don't want it." He turned to look after the crafty big boy, and walked on in silent sadness.

"Are you sorry you traded?" said one of his companions.

"Yes, I am. I have lost my whistle, and got nothing for it."

Another large boy came up to the little trader, and asked him what he had.

"Pitch," said one of the boys.

"Where did you get it?"

"I gave a bird-call to John Blake for it."

"John Blake is a rascal to take it from you. You have got cheated, Alfie. Be careful how you trade with large boys," said Alfred's friend.

"I hope I never shall trade with *a cheat* again," said Alfred.

But alas! the world is full of cheats. There are very many poor Alfreds in the mercantile world, and crafty John Blake watches at many a corner, to entrap the unsuspecting. When a simple-minded young trader offers himself, the deceiver cries — "Here, young man ; I want to see you a minute." The witnesses anxiously cry out, "Burgundy pitch ! Burgundy pitch !" but it avails nothing ; for a novice in trade, or an honest-hearted youth, believes all as innocent as himself, and he makes a bargain of which he repents

He looks round for the old merchant, but it is too late ; he is gone. His friends tell him, what he feels keenly enough already, that he has been cheated ; and he hopes, in his pure heart, that he “never shall trade with a cheat again.”

There need not be — *should* not be, more of craft, or fraud, or deception, or double-dealing, in the commercial world than in any other department of business. But we are forced to believe that a lie in trade is not considered a departure from veracity, and that many regard it as absolutely necessary to use some deceit. How lamentable that such a state of things exists !

The world is full of cheats. But where do they come from ? Ohio ? Texas ? Delaware, or Maine ? The Irish tell us in what county, “at home,” their deceitful countrymen live ; where the bold-faced liar comes from, and where the licentious live ; but we will not go from our own state to accuse the citizens of another. Let us look at home, and cure the evil here.

Little children begin very early to deceive. They make bargains, and by unfair words, and even untrue ones, defraud one another. The love of truth is not deep seated in their hearts. The conscience is not kept sensitive to the least deviation from strictest truth. They often act a

lie, and think it no harm. Let our young friends take heed. Truth is truth. Less than the whole truth is not honest before God, and is worth but little. Defile not your pure lips and hearts by the dishonest word or dishonest thought.

9



THE CHRISTIAN'S REWARD.

BY JAMES LUMBARD.

THERE is a glory which the warrior longs
To win, as to the battle-field he goes,
Where war's red banner floats above the throngs
Who meet, and perish mid convulsive throes ;
That glory may be his ; but it will die
As lightnings fade along the darkened sky.

THERE is a fame for which the statesman's soul
Toils earnestly through years of anxious thought
Until at length away the shadows roll,
And all is his for which he long has wrought ;
But ah ! how soon the hearts that he could thrill,
Are gathered to the charnel, cold and chill !

THE poet sighs for honor and renown,
And fain would earn a never-dying name ;
And though he live to see the laurel crown
Placed on his brow, and hear the trump of fame
Yet, when a few short, changeful years are gone,
Where is the crown that once so brightly shone ?

THE artist has such bright angelic dreams,
As fill his spirit with a strange delight,
And years of toil may bring a few faint gleams
Of what is real to his wistful sight ;
But all the brightness of his dreams shall fade
When time has mouldered what his hands have made

There is a glory that shall never die,
A glory that is not of mortal birth ;
Its fountain is beyond the azure sky,
And yet it may be seen by those on earth ;
And if they taste it while sojourning here,
It gives them glimpses of a higher sphere.

It is for this the Christian nerves his heart,
And meets with calmness every ill and strife ;
It is for this he nobly acts the part
Assigned him in the changing scene of life.
It sheds a halo round him while he lives,
And when he dies a holier radiance gives.

And when admitted to that sinless sphere,
Which needeth not the brightness of the sun,
He sees with vision all undimmed and clear,
And finds existence has but just begun ;
And as the years of the Eternal move,
He grows in knowledge, blessedness and love !



NATURE HATH VOICES, AND SPEAKETH WISDOM.

REV. L. J. FLETCHER.

“COME, Henry,” said Mrs. Elwin to her son, a lad of twelve summers, whose mind had already attained a singular maturity, beneath the genial influences of an intelligent and devoted mother’s care and culture; “come with me, and let us have our morning walk, and read our morning lesson.”

Henry needed but one invitation, and was quickly prepared to accompany his mother; for he loved the sweet breath of morning upon the hill-tops, and within the groves, where nature’s songsters breathed their early orisons of praise to God; and his soul was thirsting for new and deeper draughts at the fountain of wisdom. Nothing could satisfy that thirst like a morning ramble, and a chat with nature, as he used to say, could he but have his mother for a companion and interpreter.

The morning was beautiful, and hand in hand, talking of many wonders which they saw around

them, they soon were standing upon the summit of a hill which they often visited, watching the rising sun. Its prophecy had been upon the sky since first they started from their home, and now its orbéd face of golden radiance arose above the distant mountains, pouring a flood of welcome light upon the joyful world.

"Sit down, my son," said Mrs. Elwin, "and let us listen to a sermon from Nature's greatest preacher. Yonder rising orb has taught me many great and thrilling lessons, and now, as he comes forth in renewed brightness and beauty, he will discourse most eloquently of truths we all should learn."

Henry was not surprised at this request, for he had learned to talk with nature, until her voice was quite familiar to his ear; and he sat with eager joy to listen. For a few moments all was silent; but when the mind was withdrawn from all things else, the sun addressed them thus:

"Mortals, my ways contemplate! I am an emblem of the power that all things made; God is my Creator. Like as his love distils impartially on all, I send my rays of light and heat upon surrounding worlds. I change not. I ask not if those who bask in my reviving beams are worthy to receive them; but upon the high and low, the rich and poor, the bond and free, the

evil and the good, I shine the same. The world is rolling round me, and every day some parts of it are lost in darkness, and men do say of me, 'The sun has set;' but set I never do. I shine the same at all times; and the cause of darkness on the earth is that it daily turns away from me.

"Learn, mortals, then, this lesson. Be constant in the work by you to be performed, as I in mine. And as ye see one sun to light the *natural* world, remember in the moral there is the same. Jesus in that, as I in this, doth shine. His rays of gospel truth impartial are; and if men live in darkness, 't is but because they, like the earth, have turned away from light.

"Then turn towards the Saviour; welcome the cheering light which shines from him upon the world, and guided by its rays, pass quietly along the sea of life until you land within the port of everlasting peace, and take your harps of gold to sing redemption's song."

Henry sprang upon his feet, and as he grasped his mother's hand in silence, an inexpressible joy beamed from his countenance, and his heart was full of the most gladsome emotions.

"That," said he, after a moment's thoughtful silence, "that, dear mother, was the most enchanting sermon that I ever heard. How full of instruction! how full of tenderness and love!"

O, I could sit forever and listen to such words as those. Let us wait still longer, mother, for should he speak again, I would not fail to treasure up the wisdom of his teachings."

Mrs. Elwin had listened with the deepest interest to all the sun had spoken, and her heart was not less joyful than that of her child; but she knew what he had never learned to realize, viz., that a *short sermon*, treasured up in faithful remembrance, was of more value than longer sermons half forgotten; she therefore turned toward their home again, saying, "Remember, Henry, what you have already heard, and consider it faithfully — we then will come and listen to other lessons which the sun is daily speaking. Meanwhile, ponder diligently the doctrine of this morning lesson, and learn therefrom that God is not a partial being, but loves his children all alike, and blesses all with equal blessings."

"Mother," said Henry, as they walked towards their happy home, for such it was to all its inmates, "is not the *moon* a preacher also? Can we not learn of that, some lessons of instruction?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Elwin; "there is not an object in nature which does not utter words of wisdom. All which God has made can speak his love, and praise him for his goodness. But

the moon has lessons full of richest interest to all who give her audience."

The day rolled on, and when the sun had sunk to rest behind the western hills, and the full-orbed moon sent forth its herald rays upon the eastern sky, Henry was seen hastening with nimble steps to gain the summit of the hill where, in the morning, he had listened to the sermon from the sun. He gained his station just in time to see the queen of night arise to take her walk amid the constellations. Never before had she appeared so beautiful; and as he sat upon the very mound where in the morning he had listened to the king of day, he loved not less the milder beauties of reflected light, than the full blaze of radiant glory.

The busy world was hushed to silence; the song of Nature's warblers had ceased, and all around there reigned a sacred stillness which soothed the spirit and prepared the mind to talk with nature.

An hour rolled past, and Henry joined his mother in the parlor to rehearse his evening lesson. It was the first he had sought to learn from Nature, without his mother's aid, and she had waited anxiously to learn of his success. As he entered, she saw the emotions of joy that filled his heart, beaming forth from his dark blue eyes,

and noble countenance, and she knew that his communion had been sweet and full of interest.

“Sit down, my son,” said she, “and let me hear the lesson which the moon has taught you. What said the moon to you? Your looks declare her sermon welcome.”

“It was, indeed,” said Henry, “although she spake not all to me. She spake to all who love to follow Jesus.”

“Can you remember all her words?” said Mrs. Elwin.

“Yes, all of them,” replied the happy boy; “nor shall I ever cease to keep them in remembrance. This was her language:—

“‘I shine, ’t is true, and cheer the world when the bright orb of day has disappeared behind the western hills.

“‘But of myself, I shine not. The sun, although not seen by you, still throws his rays on me, and, ever faithful to my trust, I lend them to the earth.

“‘And such should be the life of all who would follow Jesus. To them my voice is speaking, and those who hearken shall be blessed of God and man.

“‘Shine with the light that Christ has given,
The light that cometh down from heaven;
Reflect the gospel’s brightest ray,
And drive the gloom of night away.’”

“This lesson,” said Mrs. Elwin, whose heart was rejoiced at what her son had accomplished, “this lesson proves the truth of what I have so often told you. The world is full of poetry, which lives and speaks with every tongue that God has given nature ; and those, and those alone, who learn like you to hear and understand this language, can ever claim, by right, the poet’s name. The lesson you have learned is great and good. You have said well, ‘it shall not be forgotten.’ Such remembrances are ever blessed — are ever welcome to the faithful soul. But stop not by *remembering* only ; this lesson should be practised. Strive to live near to Jesus, and allow no intervening object to obscure the light you borrow from his gospel, and reflect on those who walk with you amid the lights and shades of time,

“ ‘Shine with the light which Christ has given.’ ”

Years have gone past, and Henry is a man. He stands each Sabbath at the sacred altar, and proclaims the lessons he has learned of nature, and from the written word of God. He preaches God’s impartial grace, and the full and free salvation which is revealed in the light of Christ Jesus. His mother is now quite old and feeble ; but when she walks forth, leaning upon the arm

of her faithful Henry, as she calls him, the voices of nature revive her drooping powers, and animate her spirit, until she seems to cast aside her weight of years, and live again in the full strength of life's maturity. She does not doubt but when her body dies, her spirit will commune with nature still, and know, more perfectly than now, of all the wisdom which her works display.

"I love to talk with nature," said she to a young friend a short time since, "for then I know I listen to the voice of God. This voice is truth. Man cannot alter, man cannot corrupt, it." And such, also, is the sentiment which her son has learned to cherish, and which he gladly proclaims to the world.

"Mother," said he, while supporting her in the garden walks, and listening to the language of the flowers, "when you have passed away, and I shall walk alone to talk with nature, I shall believe your spirit near me still."

"You may," replied the aged mother, "you may believe me with you always. As you walk among these flowers, or in the open fields, or climb the mountain heights, I shall be with you, searching still for higher truth, and learning still diviner lessons of the love of God."

Let those who read this story know that nature's voices utter their instruction to the *under-*

standing and *spirit* of man. The low, the grovelling, the sensual, do not hear them. He who would enjoy the wisdom they impart, must purify his thoughts, and lift his soul above the dust of sensual things.



NAPOLEON.

A DIALOGUE.

BY REV. JOHN G. ADAMS.

Matthew. Aha ! George, a book in hand again ? Well, it seems to me you are getting to be quite a reader in these days. What now so interesting ?

George. O, a grand book, Matthew ; a grand book ! I have been reading till my eyes and head ache ; but I hardly knew where to leave off.

M. Well done ! what is it ?

G. It is a book entitled “ Bonaparte and his Marshals.” It is an American book. I have often seen it advertised, and heard about it ; so I thought I would get it and read it for myself. And it ’s a grand thing, I do assure you.

M. A grand thing, indeed ! Well, there is where you and I differ. I do not wonder you have the eyes-ache, and the head-ache, George. I should think you might have the heart-ache, too.

G. Really, Matthew, what are you talking about, so Quakerish and solemn ? Don’t you

think the book an interesting one? for you seem to speak as though you knew something about it.

M. I *do* know something of it, George; and I must again say that I do not agree with you in your estimation of the work.

G. Why, pray? It is one of the most popular works of the day. I heard Lawyer Jones praising it the other day; and Captain Spear's son James, in our house a few evenings ago, said it was one of the best things to stir up the military spirit in a fellow that he knew of.

M. You did? Well, James Spear's reason for calling it best, is my reason for calling it worst. I have just about the smallest opinion of this military spirit.

G. Why Matthew, you don't talk like most folks. You never would make a soldier. Don't you think Bonaparte a noble man?

M. What do you mean by noble?

G. Mean? why, I mean a man who was great like him; who could lay such plans — bring together and keep together such multitudes of men, and fight such battles, and get such victories as he did.

M. This is your idea of nobleness, is it? Well, I have a different one. I have not thought of questioning the great intellect of Napoleon;

but as to his nobleness, I think he was too much of a man-butcher to be called noble. So I shall be unpopular enough to say he was not noble. You are welcome to make it out that he was, if you can.

G. You seem to talk very confidently. What is your great objection to the man?

M. Why, that he gloried in war as he did; that he caused so much misery among men; that he made such waste of human property and human life. Only think of the numbers slain in his chief battles! Six millions of human beings! to say nothing of other evils, equal, if possible, to the loss of life which he caused during his mad career. I do not think much of such nobleness. I think we have called our great warriors noble men long enough. It is time we were learning better fashions. I think there are nobler men than warriors ever were or ever can be.

G. Matthew, don't you call Washington a noble man?

M. Surely, George; but do not, I pray you, name Washington in the same hour with Bonaparte, unless you mean to compare their characters. We do not most admire Washington because he was a great warrior. He had virtues which Napoleon had not; and besides, he has given us

his testimony against war, as Napoleon never did. He loved peace far better than war. Napoleon loved war better than peace. So his life says. And this is one great difference in the men. Napoleon himself said, once, to an American, "The name of your Washington will live when mine shall be lost." Washington was a noble man; but his being a general did not make him so.

G. But do you not denounce all warriors?

M. I denounce all war, and that is enough. And when you talk about a noble man, whose whole life has been one great battle with his race, I tell you I don't think much of his nobleness. Folks may write books about him, and you may admire them; I cannot.

G. Well, Matthew, tell us what your idea of a noble man is.

M. Certainly I will. A noble man is one who uses the intellect and soul God has given him in doing good to his fellow-men; in leading them to love and aid, and not to hate and destroy, one another; who keeps the truth in mind, that we have all one Father, and that we should bless and curse not, forgive rather than be avenged, love even our enemies, and strive for the things that make for peace; who would render earth a heaven instead of a field of blood, and suffering

and desolation. This is one idea I have of a noble man. If Bonaparte had gone to work with his great intellect to raise the means for relieving the wants of the people of Europe that he raised to destroy them, we might have had a better history of his nobleness. Don't you think so, George?

G. Well, Matthew, there is something, I confess, in this view of the matter; but then, you know, men do not think so. We have always had war in the world, and I suppose we shall have more of it, till men grow better; and so we must have warriors. When men all become Christians there will be no more fighting.

M. This is a precious confession, George. When men all become Christians! Now I wish just to ask you what is to make them Christians; preaching to them that they may practise war till the millennium comes; or that war is *a sin* against God and man, and the millennium never will come till men stop war — stop it in their dispositions, in their talk, in their actions? It is a strange idea that fire will put out fire — that we may keep on encouraging and practising war till men get convinced it is wrong. If they would give as much attention to their Bible as you have to “Napoleon and his Marshals,” they might be convinced now that war is a sin and an

abomination, and that so long as men use the sword, just so long will they be destroyed by it.

G. We will talk again on this subject, Matthew.

M. I hope so, George ; and before we part, let me say one word. You have spoken of Napoleon's nobleness. Compare his disposition and life with the disposition and life of the great Master of Christians ; and tell me, when next we meet, which you think had the true nobleness in him. They are opposites. If one was noble, the other was not. Which was ? That is the question.



OUR BIBLES.

BY MRS. M. H. ADAMS.

USUALLY there are more persons than Bibles in a family ; but we are more blessed at this home, and have more Bibles than people, for there are but three of us and we have eight copies of the sacred Scriptures in the house. Merely possessing a Bible, however, is not a sure indication of true piety, and we who own many and costly ones, may not possess as much religious feeling as the poor man who owns but the smoked and soiled fragment of an old-fashioned one, that his father and grandfather used before him. Neither can you safely judge by our having so many, whether or not we read more, or obey the precepts of the Bible better, than the sons and daughters of the poor who have but a few scattered leaves of an old copy to divide among them. No, my young friends, you cannot tell who reads the Bible by knowing who has one in the house ; or who is a truly God-like person, by knowing who owns one ; for many Bibles lie

unopened on the table from day to day, and month to month, where many persons go in and out ; and many fathers and mothers, sons and daughters, read their pages without thinking that the precepts therein written, were so written for *their* instruction in goodness, that they might read and go forth to practise. But I will tell you of our Bibles, and our lives will tell you what use we make of them.

First, then, there is the little one, the parting gift of a faithful maid-servant, to the baby, when she gave him her last kiss. "I have loved it," said she, "and learned it too ; I hope he will do the same and practise what he learns." Five years have passed away, and the boy is no longer a baby. These years have borne the giver to a home in the distant West, but with us she has left a sacred memento ; and should these words meet her eye, she will know that she is still remembered at our fireside, and her gift cherished by her little friend.

And we have one which a younger sister used as a school-book. It bears her name in the stiff and precise hand-writing of an old and respected teacher. I can tell little of its history, for we were pupils in separate schools. I know, however, that she *has been* a learner of the Bible, and hope that it was not used as a school-book alone,

but that she regards it in later years as her text-book, on which she will found many sermons of her life, her guide-book to the paths of peace and holiness, to the river of life, to the covert from the tempest, to the light that gleams through the valley of the shadow of death.

We have the Bible of my oldest brother ; a gift from his pious grandmother in the year 1816. It was his school-book then, and after he became a man he laid it not aside. It had its place in his trunk when he sojourned in the stranger's home, and was read when he remembered the injunction of his mother, " William, read your Bible." When his days of absence from the homestead were over, and he came back to leave us no more, it had its place in his chamber. Early and late have I seen him studying its pages, and his life told how deeply its precepts were implanted in his heart. He had no other gods but God, bore no false witness, coveted no man's goods, gave liberally to the poor. But he is dead — and he died in the fulness of joy which a knowledge of the Scriptures imparts, and rested in its promises of life to all.

Next, I find one owned by a brother-in-law, much worn and defaced. He is not as old as the appearance of his Bible might indicate. But it has been twice across the mighty deep, besides

being used as a school-book. It bears numerous inscriptions of idle boys ; the name of one, and the *marks* of many. This book was the companion of my brother when he left his native land for a home in a foreign clime, an inexperienced, unprotected youth, to start in the business of life alone. There, for eleven years, this book remained his companion ; a talisman of good, in a land where the true God is ignorantly worshipped by the zealous Catholic ; where Christianity has but a name. It has come back with him to this happier land, where God is honored, and his truth spread wide among the people. May its truths, which have remained unaltered through all the changes of his early life, be his counsel in business, his delight in his home, his blessing through the remainder of his life, his hope and strength in death !

The fifth one has been the companion, the friend, the study of my husband for nearly twenty years ; a little book, but full of mighty truths ; a plain one, but through its teachings he has beheld beauty and glory that exceed what earth can give. He sought truth on its pages, and God blessed him with knowledge. It was his guide and instructor in his preparations for the ministry, has furnished him with texts and thoughts since he entered it. When life has seemed dark, he has found light here ; when

perplexities surrounded him, he has found by his Bible the true path; when friends have proved false, its teachings have brought peace and comfort; and when life itself shall close upon him, may its promises and doctrines bring "joy unspeakable and full of glory!"

A sixth one is the "Family Bible, the dear blessed Bible," indeed. It was my mother's,—it was my father's; and it folds within its leaves the names of all my brothers and sisters. We were a happy family when, with this same Bible upon her lap, my gentle mother called us round her on each returning Sabbath eve, and taught us from its sacred pages. My father would sit in silent joy by the side of his faithful companion, with ten happy children before him, to hear our Scripture lessons recited, prompting when we hesitated, encouraging when we failed. But my father's voice can no longer prompt, my blessed mother no longer teach us. They are gone, and two sons and two daughters are gone too.

—————"This leather-bound Bible,—
It taught them to live, yea, it taught them to die;
I stood by their death-bed when dim grew the eye,
And the pulse fluttered faint, yet, oh, how serene
They passed through the closing of life's busy scene!
Like the angels they mounted in spirit on high,
This leather-bound Bible well taught them to die."

But here are four brothers and four sisters left, for we were twelve in all, and here is the old Bible, with its cover of plaid and its precepts more precious than gold, with the self-same truths that our parents taught, undecayed, unchanged. The sweet voice of my angel mother still seems to say, "Son, daughter, take up the lesson where I laid it down, and teach your children as I taught you. Bind the truths to your hearts forever. They are eternal!"

The seventh is my own precious Bible, the gift of my oldest sister in 1830. It is a London edition of the Polyglot Bible. Rich, indeed, are the treasures it contains, and they are mine; they may be thine, reader. May the instructions of my mother, the example of my sister, and the earnest solicitations of the pastor of my youth be not lost upon me. May they still lead me to study its pages and love its teachings. Its doctrines have given consolation and support in many severe trials of life. They have spoken peace to my soul when I mourned the departed from the family circle, and cares accumulated on my young hands in my early home, and when, by the will of our Heavenly Father, a precious babe was borne away from my own little family; when I myself lay at the brink of the grave, too weak to read, and too feeble to hear its truths uttered;

then was my spirit calm and happy in the belief of them. God be praised ! And thou, precious book, still bless, instruct and guide me.

“ When the morning is here, with its dew and its light,
When the star sparkles first in the blue arch of night,
I will turn to these leaves, and learn how to forgive
Each error in those who around me may live,
And pray that when death stills the throb of my heart,
I may smiling look upward, and sweetly depart.”

Lastly, I would mention what may indeed be called the book of books, the Bible of Bibles ; I mean the large edition called Harper's Pictorial Bible. It is the property of my husband. It was a gift from his people, a token of the esteem they cherish for him for his fidelity as a minister, and his cordial attentions during his residence with them as a pastor. He will love it as such ; and his family will respect and remember to bless the warm hearts and generous hands who jointly presented it. I cannot tell you all the emotions that fill my soul when I open that splendid book. There are beauty and taste displayed without, but within its covers I know there are holiest truths and loveliest teachings. There are some most elegant engravings in it ; but when I open it, I pray that the precepts of those sacred writers may be as beautifully en-

graven on the heart of my innocent boy, who loves to gaze upon them, indelible impressions of all that is good and holy. The people of his charge sent many good wishes and prayers with it to him whom they would thus honor; and they have sent also a silent admonition that he and his forget not to love the Holy Bible, and see that its inspired teachings be ever and purely taught at the family altar, in the public sanctuary, in the visits of the pastor among his people, and in his walk before the world.

And think you I remember only the fathers and mothers when I look into it? I can assure you I remember most affectionately the children. When I turn over its leaves, and see the pictures of little children receiving instruction from pious parents; of little girls kneeling and being taught to pray; of little boys being warned against temptation and sin by gray-haired sires; and read that the commands of God should be talked of when we sit in the house, or walk by the way, at night and in the morning, — it is then I think of Mary and Catharine, Josephine and Harriet, of Willie and James, of Charles and Samuel, and many others of my little friends. And while I think, I hope they hear these commands day by day, and remember them on their pillows, and practise them in all their sports and visitings

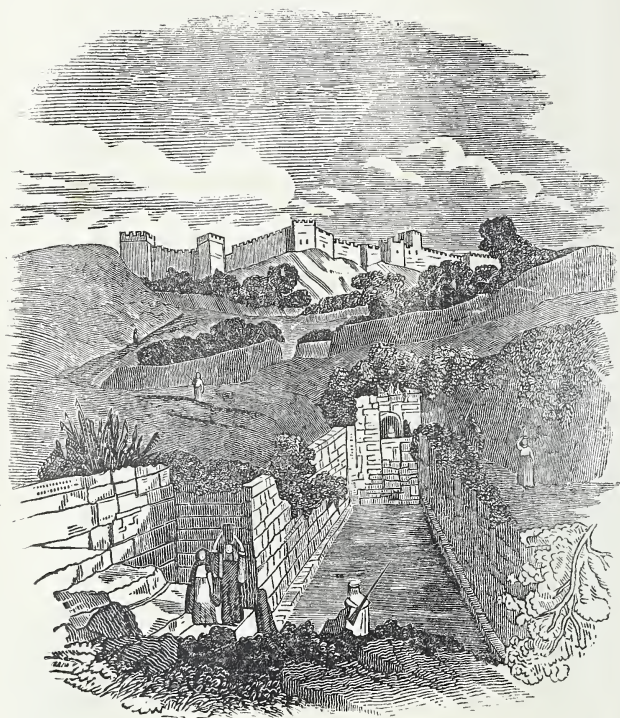
together. I pray that all the blessing which God sends upon truly good children, may rest upon these dear ones whom my soul so tenderly loves.

As I pass along, I behold pictures of young men bowing before the Lord, or humbly sitting at the feet of venerable fathers for instruction, or discharging the duties of their religion; I see young maidens, fair and beautiful, bearing the sin-offering and burnt-offering, or gathered before the public teacher of holy things, or listening to the words of pious matrons, and cheerfully yielding, for the honor and service of God, their mirrors, their bracelets, their rings, and all their golden ornaments, and willingly "humbling themselves in the sight of God, that they may be lifted up of him." Then it is I think of the young men and women who have risen up from children, during the ministry of this pastor whom the parents have thus honored, and most earnestly do I desire that Zion may be strengthened and built up in our goodly town by many humble Christians from among them — that they may be fully instructed in Scripture knowledge, and ready to stand before the Lord, when their fathers and mothers leave the places they now occupy.

These, my dear readers, are our Bibles, and

some of the pleasant thoughts that possess my soul when I see and read them. And since there are many young people whom I love, not particularly referred to here, let me say that you can give to your God no greater honor, to your Saviour no stronger proof of discipleship, to our world no better service, to yourselves no purer pleasure, than by becoming devoted students of the Holy Bible, and obedient followers of its teachings.

We marvel that old men and women can repeat so much of the Bible. They began in youth, and have made it their study through life,—a verse or a chapter, a sentiment or a sermon, at a time; for a moment in one day, an hour in the next, a whole evening at another time,—with prayerful attention, and a real desire for the kind of knowledge which it imparts. Thus have our old people become filled with knowledge of the Scriptures, and thus only can our young people obtain it. The Bible is not a narrative, it is not a history, or a biography, or a poem, or a sermon, a series of prophecies, or a book of laws; but a grand collection of all these different kinds of writing, sacredly uttered, sacredly preserved, and worthy to be made the study of one's life.



POOL OF SILOAM.

THE POOL OF SILOAM.

Who, that has become familiarly acquainted with Scripture history, has not been interested in what he has learned of this remarkable place? It has been sought by the pilgrim, noted by the traveller, sung by the bard of holy inspiration. The fountain bearing this name came out under the walls of Jerusalem, on the east, between the city and the brook Kidron. It is supposed to be mentioned in Josh. xv. 7; xviii. 16; 2 Sam. xvii. 17; 1 Kings i. 9. Josephus, in his history of the Jews, speaks of the waters of Siloam. There was a custom of drawing water from the fountain of Siloam, and pouring it out before the Lord, in the temple, at the time of evening sacrifice. There is some allusion to this in John vii. 37.

The following description of the fountain is from the journal of Messrs. Fisk and King, of date April 28, 1823. "Near the south-east corner of the city, [Jerusalem,] at the foot of Zion and Moriah, is the Pool of Siloam, (See Neh. iii. 15,) whose waters flow with gentle murmur from under the holy mountain of Zion, or rather from

under Ophel, having Zion on the west, and Moriah on the north. The very fountain issues from a rock, twenty or thirty feet below the surface of the ground, to which we descended by two flights of steps. Here it flows out without a single murmur, and appears clear as crystal. From this place it winds its way several rods under the mountain, then makes its appearance with gentle gurgling, and forming a beautiful rill, takes its way down into the valley towards the south-east. We drank of the water both at the fountain and from the stream, and found it soft, of a sweetish taste, and pleasant. It was to this fountain that the blind man went, and washed, and came seeing. John ix. 7-11."

Stephens, in his "Incidents of Travel," writes of visiting this place. He says, "Hundreds of pilgrims were stretched on its bank; and a little above is the sacred pool issuing from the rock, enclosed by stone walls, with a descent of two flights of steps." Bartlett, a still more recent traveller, represents the steps as being worn, by the feet of the numerous visitors there, to the smoothness of polished marble.



MY MOTHER'S VOICE.

BY JONES VERY.

My mother's voice ! I hear it now —
I feel her hand upon my brow,
 As when, in heartfelt joy,
She raised her evening hymn of praise,
And called down blessings on the days
 Of her loved boy.

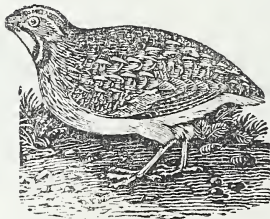
My mother's voice ! I hear it now —
Her hand is on my burning brow,
 As in that early hour,
When fever throbbed through all my veins,
And that kind hand first soothed my pains,
 With healing power.

My mother's voice ! It sounds as when
She read to me of holy men,
 The patriarchs of old ;
And gazing downward on my face,
She seemed each infant thought to trace,
 My young eyes told.

It comes — when thoughts unhallowed throng,
Woven in sweet deceptive song —
 And whispers round my heart,

As when at eve it rose on high,
I hear, and think that she is nigh,
And they depart.

Though round my heart all, all beside —
The voice of friendship, love — had died ;
 That voice would linger there,
As when, soft-pillowed on her breast,
Its tones first lulled my infant rest,
Or rose in prayer.



SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

BY MRS. N. T. MUNROE.

It is Saturday afternoon. There has been a shower, and the bright rain-drops still glisten upon the grass, and a few clouds still lie around the west, while the rest of the sky is of the deepest blue. And the water too is blue, stretching far away in the distance ; and blue, too, are the far off hills, while those rising nearer, upon which a flood of sunlight is falling, are of the bright, mossy green of the young spring time.

Silent, and ever pointing upward, rise the church spires, and villages are clustered around, and quiet homes look out from the green trees ; pleasant dwellings lay bathed in the gorgeous sunlight, and thousands and thousands of beating hearts and busy brains find a home in the places that lie so quietly and pleasantly stretched before us.

There is a confused noise and bustle borne to our ears. This is a working world, and this is one of its working days. There is the rattling of heavy wheels, the voices of impatient drivers,

the shouts of merry boys, the blacksmith at his forge, the hum of machinery, and blended with these, the confused and indistinct noises from the neighboring city, all rising to our ears, and seeming to say that "this is Saturday afternoon, and the great world has a deal to do ere the day of rest comes."

And, chiming in with these harsh, discordant sounds, like the soft voice of childhood, and the din of wrangling and confusion, come the sweet notes of the birds, as they sit in their leafy homes, and sing on while all the noise and bustle pass unheeded. Short, soft, and broken, like the tones of infancy, comes their music to our ears, and cheerfully they sing, and the green leaves rustle, and chime in with their melody, and their bright wings glance from bough to bough. The light breeze shakes a flood of snowy blossoms from the trees, and the children clap their hands in glee, and their glad laugh blends harmoniously with the bird notes ; for it is Saturday afternoon, and whole troops are at liberty, and they go running over the green fields ; they pluck the buttercups and the violet, and make curls of the long stems of the dandelions, and run about till their little feet are weary, and a Saturday's sun sets upon many a little one, tired even of play.

A blessed time to our young hearts was Sat-

urday afternoon, especially in the summer time. Out in the meadows hunting strawberries and wild flowers, over the hills where the honeysuckles grew, but stepping carefully, and looking around, lest we should chance to tread upon a snake, — out under the shade of the trees, with their leafy rustling in our ears, making our young hearts dreamy and quiet, — all these pleasant things come rushing upon us as we think of Saturday afternoon. And oh! how tired we were when darkness fell upon the earth, and the birds sung their last twittering song, and the stars came out in the clear summer sky. Yet tired as we were, how reluctantly still did we leave the freedom and freshness of the open air, for our homes!

And then the morrow was the Sabbath. No other morning was like that morning; it had its own peculiar stillness and joy. The earth was dressed in Sunday garb. The very light and air were different from that of yesterday, and as we took our books and prepared for our walk to the Sabbath school, we, too, seemed different beings from those who yesterday were shouting and sporting in wild and untamed mirthfulness and glee. Yet, just as happy were we, only more quiet and subdued, for we looked forward to the pleasant Sabbath school with an eagerness

equal even to that of the long-wished-for Saturday afternoon. And ever when we see the happy children roaming over the hills, ever when we hear their merry shouts and boisterous glee, and think what a joy to them is the free air, the green earth and the sunshine, we say, blessed is Saturday afternoon! And when the quiet, holy Sabbath comes, and we see the same bright, happy creatures, only more softened and subdued, sitting in the house of God, listening to his words who called little children unto him and blessed them, we thank God, and say, "Blessed be the Sabbath and the Sabbath school!"



HEAVEN HERE.

BY REV. J. G. ADAMS.

“What shall I do, then? Live wholly for this world? My mind revolts at the idea. My spirit was not moulded to be satisfied with such a life.” — LETTER FROM A FRIEND.

Art thou not satisfied with earth — its transitory
light;
Will it not yield thee happiness; or are there skies
more bright
O'er which thy spirit longs to cast its ever-watchful
eye,
And read the glory of a world where love can never
die?

Mount upward, then! but deem not that thy duties
here must end;
Live to thy God, in spirit pure — yet thy free powers
still lend,
To make the way of others bright, and give them this
to know,
That duties all are best performed where God-like
virtues grow.

Mount upward! yet forget not that this earth is still
thy home;

And that thy God in peace to every humble heart will
 come ;
And thou shalt see him, if to prayer and praise thy life
 be given,
And know that here the Christian soul may find a
 constant heaven.



A SOLDIER OF THE RIGHT KIND.

BY MRS. M. H. ADAMS.

A LITTLE boy, dressed in a cap with a feather, and a bright colored belt, with a wooden sword and a stick for a gun, went marching over the house "too-too-tooing," as full of war and fighting as any Mexican. He came up close to his mother to shoot her. She took no notice of him. He pointed his gun, and hallooed to her to take care or he should kill her. She kept quietly sewing, and the little boy said, "Why don't you fight, mother?"

The mother replied, "Christ tells me not to fight with the sword. He told his soldiers not to use it; and I wish to be Christ's soldier."

"What did Christ's soldiers fight with, if they did not have swords, mother?"

"With good and holy words, my son."

"Well, what did they *fight* with? Good words would not kill men, mother."

"No, dear, they did not fight with men, but with sin. Good words and good actions kill sin."

“ Who were Christ’s soldiers ? ”

“ His disciples ; those who believe and obey Christ ; those who taught the people what Christ had taught them.”

“ Is father Christ’s soldier ? ”

“ Yes ; he teaches the people not to fight, but to live in peace ; to love one another, and try to forgive each other, instead of fighting and going to war.”

“ How can I be Christ’s soldier, mother ? ”

“ By trying to do no sin yourself, and telling your little playmates, when they sin, not to do so again, but be good and love one another. You may be one by speaking against what you feel to be wrong, wherever you are ; by being good and pure yourself, and trying to make others so.”

“ Well, mother, I think I will not play fight again, like the naughty men, but I will try to do as father does.”

Will the war-spirit conquer the spirit of peace in that child’s heart, if such teachings go with him up to manhood ?

Will it prevail in any child’s heart, if it be made to understand the spirit of Christ and his gospel ?

If children be taught of Christ and the Holy Spirit, will not many soldiers of the cross be

raised up to bless the world in future years, by the most peaceful and benignant influences?

Mothers, shall we not do it? Fathers, are you of the Christian band, and will you fail to do it? Let us to the work!

12*



A STORY OF MY CHILDHOOD.

BY MRS. MARGARET M. MASON.

A STORY for the Annual! Well, what shall I write? A story for children? Yes, a story for children, though older people, I find, read the Annual with much pleasure. But, as it is designed for children, I think I will write something about childhood.

Many scenes of childhood I love to look back upon. Who does not? Methinks there is room in the heart of every human being for his birth-place. Methinks, too, that there are some flowers which blossomed on either side of the pathway of childhood, which all consider well worth preserving.

When I was about three years of age my mother died. After this event, an old lady, who had been much in our family, took care of me. Being too young to feel the loss of my mother, it was easily supplied by this aged woman. I became much attached to her. My father was poor, and toiled for a livelihood upon the sea. At length he found it necessary to break up

house-keeping, and to put me under the care of a friend of his, in whom he placed confidence. After my removal to the house of this new guardian, my old friend would not forget me. She visited me often, and I loved her next to my father. Being old and poor, she was supported by the town. She had sustained herself with what little aid she could get from a few individuals or families, as long as possible.

Mrs. M****, who had the care of the town's poor, was a good, kind-hearted lady. So I felt that my old foster-mother would be properly treated. Poor old lady! I never shall forget how glad she was to see me the first time I visited her after she was settled in her new home. How nice her little chamber looked! The low but neat bed that stood at one corner of the room, the small table over which hung a little looking-glass, the fire-place with its clean red hearth, and the closet into which the old lady was careful I should look, — all these made me feel that, although she was very poor, she was far from unhappy, or without comfort. Oh, how many happy hours I have spent with her in that little chamber! I always, when the weather would permit, spent the Sabbath with her; and the friend with whom I lived, would often give me some delicacy for her, or provide something, and

send it to her by me, for her comfort, and I always selected such books as I thought she would like, and would read them to her. Oh, those were, indeed, happy hours ! I delighted to gaze upon that face, wrinkled as it was. It had a charm to me that I could see in no other. She always looked upon me in so kindly a manner, and spoke to me with so mild and sweet a voice, I could not be happier than when by her, or hearing her speak.

She never seemed tired of answering my questions about my mother, — that dear one, whose countenance I could not remember, whose voice I had forgotten, but whose features and tones were so familiar to her. Over and over she would describe my mother to me. And then how I wished that I could remember my mother, that I had her image on my heart, to carry it with me through life, as an invaluable treasure !

That mother slept in the grave-yard, not far from where I lived. It was but a short distance from the road on which I walked to school. Whenever I walked alone, and was not fearful of reaching school late, I visited my mother's grave, and kneeling beside it, asked her to watch over me and teach me to do right. Several times I was punished for arriving late at school, because I would not deny that I had stopped or played on

the way, and could not tell the teacher that I had been to my mother's grave.

I always felt that my mother was very near me, and could see me, though I could not look upon her. And this feeling of mine was strengthened by the old lady, who often told me that she believed that the spirits of the departed could visit and watch over us.

One night, having fallen asleep while thinking of my mother, I thought I awoke, and saw a beautiful being rising before me. As it approached me, I raised my arms to clasp the heavenly form. It looked smilingly upon me, and then vanished away. After the morning, I thought the angel was my mother. I had believed that she was with me wherever I went by day, but I had not thought that she watched over me when I slept by night. I told no one but the old lady of my vision. She, seeing it made me so happy, did not tell me it was merely a dream.

Oh, how I wished I had a home into which I could lead the old lady, and watch over and wait upon her through her remaining days! for when I looked into her dim eyes, I knew her sight was fast fading, that she would soon sink into the grave, and I feared that she would be unhappy. But she did not become so. She

became blind, and the light of our world was shut out from her forever. Nevertheless, she continued resigned and cheerful in God. When she looked towards me with her sightless eyes, or stretched forth her trembling hands to take hold of something with which to support herself, I could not keep from weeping. Then she would try to sooth me, by telling me how much she had left to herself to make her happy, and by speaking to me of the beautiful home to which she was fast hastening, where she would be no longer blind, and pain and sickness would never reach her more.

* * * * *

It was the season of winter. For some days the snow had been falling lightly, and the earth was deeply covered with it. Through these days I could not see the dear old friend. At length the snow ceased to fall, and near the close of a very cold day, a friend of mine called upon me to tell me that she was dying. Before many minutes passed, I was on my way to her bed-side. Oh, how my hand shook when I lifted the latch of her door ! But the hope of seeing her alive gave me strength, and I soon stood near her. She was alive, but she had not spoken for several hours. Yet, at the sound of my voice, she ex-

claimed, "It is she — God bless her!" Those were her last words.

Many years have passed since I stood by her grave; but I shall not forget her. Nor will the many good lessons that she taught me be forgotten.

My little readers! listen to the teachings of the aged and poor, and always be kind to such. You cannot tell how acceptable your words of love and your amiable manners will be to them. It will be pleasant to you to hear them say, "God bless you."



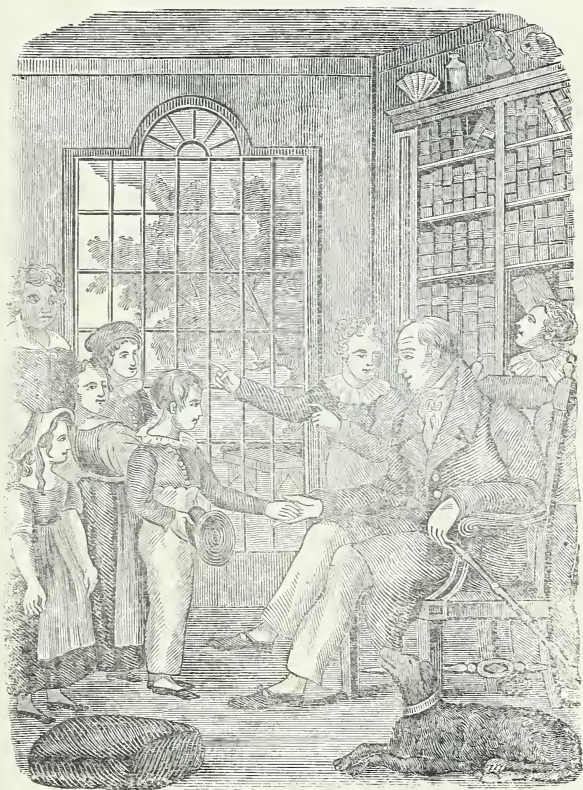
SUNDAY MORNING.

BY MISS JULIA A. FLETCHER.

DEAR Uncle Charles! How we children all used to love him! I heard a young lady say once, that nobody liked old bachelors, and I thought if she had only seen Uncle Charles as he used to sit in his library, and talk with the little folks, she would have said something quite different from that. Certainly all the boys and girls in the neighborhood loved him, and they would gather around him, listening and asking questions many hours together.

One of these boys afterwards became an artist, that is, he learned to draw and paint pictures, and a short time since, I saw one in his room, that made my heart glad even to look at it. I have persuaded Mr. Usher to have it engraved and published in the "Sabbath School Annual," so that all our good children can see it; for of course they all read the Annual.

There is the very room where we used to meet, and the same old-fashioned arm-chair, with its high, broad back, and dear Uncle Charles him-



SUNDAY MORNING.

self sitting in it. How natural he looks! I kissed the picture again and again when I first saw it, for it seemed as if it must be the good old man himself. How well he has painted that pleasant smile, and those kind eyes, and the high forehead, with the baldness which never looks other than well to us, because it reminds us of Uncle Charles! Yet I remember, when I was a very little child, he had light, soft, brown hair, that curled all around his forehead, just as the little boy's does in the picture. I mean the boy who is standing behind the chair, gazing up into the clouds. That is our cousin Albert, the very one who afterwards drew the picture. There is William, too, pointing eagerly to a bird that seems coming to look at us. The birds might have looked in, and the angels too, with gladness; for never were Sabbath mornings spent more happily and holily, than in that little library room.

We had no Sunday school to attend, for we lived in a small village, and this was a great many years ago, when there were very few Sunday schools, and those only in large places. So Uncle Charles used to let us come to his room every Sunday morning, and talk with us there.

You may be sure we used to come every Sabbath. We had no staying away because it was

cloudy, or because we had the headache ; no, nor even if it rained hard, for we used to put on our over-shoes, and start off, with our old bonnets and cloaks on. That is often the reason children, and grown-up people too, are afraid of going to church in a storm. It is not that they are afraid of getting wet themselves, but they are afraid of spoiling their nice clothes.

We always had a pleasant word and a kind welcome from Uncle Charles when we arrived, and then the happy hours we passed with him ! — I grow a very child again, when I think of them. He had many books, from which he used to teach us, and he would tell us many things which had happened in his own life, describing places he had visited, and people he had seen. He would teach us some good lesson from everything around us, and from every little incident that happened to us. The flowers we gathered on our way, the sky that smiled through the library window, the tree that threw a soft shade over it, all were to him subjects for our Sabbath lessons, and holy lessons they furnished, too.

All the while he was talking to us, his dog Carlo — good, faithful Carlo ! — would sit by his side, and look up into our faces, as if he wished us to understand it all, though he, poor fellow, did not. And there, in the picture, is the very

cane Uncle Charles always carried. We all knew the history of that cane. It was an orange-tree stick, cut from the groves of Florida with his own hands, and he had never allowed it to be spoiled by paint or polishing. Very beautiful did it seem to us, and very curious to our young eyes, which had not seen so many things then as they have now.

A happy group we were those pleasant Sabbath mornings. There was Thomas, with his earnest, thoughtful look ; and Charlie, the pet namesake of our dear instructor ; and then there was Mary, and George, and Harriet, and — why ! I declare, Cousin Albert has quite slighted me ; he has not put me into the picture ! He should have painted me with my little chair close to Uncle Charles' knee, like Carlo, contented to sit there, and look up lovingly into his face, whether I understood his words or not. I could at least understand the love-language that was written all over his countenance as he spoke, and I have never since forgotten it. Many years have passed away since then, and our dear Uncle Charles has gone to dwell with the kind Father of whom he so often taught us. They buried him by the river side, within sight of the window in that pleasant library room where we used to meet. The blue waves pass calmly by

his grave, and the happy birds sing around it, but, for many years after, youthful heads were bowed upon it, and tears fell from youthful eyes for "dear Uncle Charles."

Even now that we have all become men and women, and are dwelling far away from that quiet village, and far away from each other, we think often of him, and bless God for the lessons he taught us. Every Sabbath morn, as we go up to our places in the Sabbath school, — for we have all become teachers there, though not in the same school, — we remember how kindly and earnestly he used to talk with us. And we pray, then, in our hearts, that we may be able to do good to our pupils, as he did good to us; that they, too, may have their hearts filled with holy lessons, and in after years have many pleasant remembrances of Sunday morning.



H Y M N .

BY MRS. S. E. E. MAYO.

[I HOPE this hymn will be very precious to the young readers of the Sabbath School Annual, as it came from one who dearly loved children, and eagerly contributed to increase the pleasure of our school-festivals. I found it in looking over her letters since her death, it having been sent me for use at an "exhibition," but was received too late, and afterwards was forgotten. Mrs. Mayo, previous to her marriage, was a teacher in the Sabbath school, and hallowed must be the memories of her in the scholars who were so fortunate as to have such a teacher. — H. B——N.]

O'ER Zion's hill we tread,
A bright and youthful band :
No slippery rock we dread,
While clinging to thy hand —
Thou God of love, thou holy One,
Our staff, our refuge, and our sun !

Distil thy gentle truth
Upon our hearts, dear Lord !

And teach our wayward youth
The wisdom of thy word,
That we may meet the tempter's wile,
And turn away and proudly smile !

Fondly we 'll learn to love
Our Maker, and our God,
As through the path we move
Where his dear Son hath trod ;
And on our bended knees, will pray
For purer spirits day by day.

Then shall we see his face —
The holy One on high !
And feel his melting grace,
And know his presence nigh.
With joy we woo the chastening rod,
That makes us pure to see our God.



THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE,

AND THE BELL THAT ANNOUNCED IT.

BY REV. HENRY BACON.

OH, 't was a noble sight to see
That grand, heroic band,
As there in Congress grave they met
To pledge each heart and hand !
Appalling were the scenes of blood,
Through which their course must lie ;
Yet bold for freedom and their rights
They vowed to live or die !
To live or die as freemen all,
To burst the tyrant's chain,
And wake from freedom's harp and trump
The sweetest, loftiest strain.
Oh, 't was a solemn hour for them ! —
Yes, for the world of men, —
As there the Instrument unrolled
Lay by the ink and pen.
And *will* they sign ? aye, will they *dare*
To fling their banner out,
And wake through all the land around
Glad freedom's glorious shout ?

A Bellman on the turret high
 Stood waiting for the call
 That should assure the world the deed
 Was nobly done by all.
 'T was his to ring that olden bell,
 That had a prophet's tone, —
 "Proclaim," it said, "fair freedom's gifts
 Shall to the land be known."
 "Ah, *will* they sign?" the old man said,
 As by the bell he stood;
 "I fear me they will shrink from paths
 Of battle and of blood!"
 Each moment seemed an hour then,
 As fear was in his heart,
 Until, at length, he left the bell,
 Impatient to depart.
 "*Hold on!*" a little boy exclaimed, —
 "I'm *sure* they'll sign it, all!
 I see them, one by one, write now,
 For God is in that hall!"

The boy was right — the deed was done!
 America is free!
 They've plighted all beneath the sun
 To God and Liberty!
 The hero boy now clapped his hands,
 And to the Bellman cried, —
 "*Ring! RING!!*" and lo! the old bell rang
 The glory far and wide.
 The music of that grand old bell
 Went through the lands afar.

And man and child looked out to see
The new-made nation's star.

Oh, were there now a bell so high,
So loud, for worlds to hear,
I 'd love to have the Bellman nigh
To ring it loud and clear,
When to the TEMPERANCE PLEDGE men give,
In earnestness of soul,
Their names, and vow to nobly live,
As did that valiant roll !

Sign ! brother, sign ! the Bell of God,
Shall ring it far and wide ;
A good deed goes unseen abroad,
As wind goes with the tide.



EXTRACT FROM AN ADDRESS ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

BY REV. H. C. LEONARD.

No one lives alone and uncared for. The most obscure individual in the land is loved and prayed for by some of his kind. These behold him as a kindred being; and, as a near relation. some respect is cherished for him. No one can depart from earth unnoticed and unaided.* There are always some who weep when a spirit ascends to God who gave it. Rich and poor, the learned and the ignorant, the aged, the youthful, and the tender infant, pass away from the earth, and for all is the tribute of tears sincerely bestowed.

That man is connected with man, and is not to be separated from kindred, in this or the spiritual world, is a great truth of the Christian religion. There is no sword in the hand of God, which cuts asunder the ties of relationship that bind and hold together the inhabitants of earth or the spirits in heaven. And they are not only bound by cords of relationship, but live, and move, and have existence in God. They are all the off-

spring of God, sustained and protected by his spirit. They all share the blessings which come from his bountiful hand. "No one liveth to himself, no one dieth to himself. For whether we live, we live unto the Lord, and whether we die, we die unto the Lord. Whether we live, therefore, or die, we are the Lord's. For to this end Christ both died and rose, and revived, that he might be Lord both of the dead and the living."

It is a great doctrine of the Christian religion, that all souls are the subjects of God's parental government. This doctrine is more likely than any other to induce us to live good and holy lives. It is better than any other to strengthen and prepare us for the hour of death, and give us hope when our friends are led away from us by the hand of death.

We are conscious that a Father's power will do more than the largest human benevolence or compassion will pray for. It is omnipotent. There will be no opposing energy sufficient to prevent it from accomplishing the great purposes of the Most High. It will draw souls after souls into the way of wisdom, goodness and heaven, until the last child of God shall be brought into the Father's house.

A little child has recently departed from our midst. We have here with us the fair form in

which she moved. Its head is yet symmetrical in shape, its face still wears a pleasant expression, and its dimpled arms and hands are still beautiful. But these are dust. We shall affectionately place the form into its grave, and cover it with the mould and turf of the earth. In coming days we shall visit its place of sleep, and nourish the trees and flowers that will grow around its little mound. But we will not think that the being that once dwelt in this form, is yet with it. We will believe that the thought and affection of the child are raised to heaven, and are in the care of angels. The soul does not die. The rose-bud that was just opening its green, outside leaves, and showing its inner loveliness and beauty, is not permitted to unfold itself wholly on the earth. The hand of Love has transplanted it in the land of richer soil, more nourishing showers, and milder, balmier airs. In that bright land it will perfectly and beautifully unfold its leaves, and be an ornament in the garden of God.

When we shall contemplate the flowers around the mound of this body's grave, let us be reminded by them of the immortality of the soul. The flowers will spring up, and show themselves for a while, and then they will die. But, in future years, the same element that formed and

exhibited these flowers, will form and exhibit flowers again. They will repeat their work of love, and cheer the world with beauty, and fill the atmosphere with fragrance. Thus, all that has been really good and beautiful in the child will continue to exist, and to be a blessing to us. We have seen the child in our earthly year; when we shall enter upon our eternal year, we shall see her again in a more beautiful and agreeable form.

The river will continually flow in its course by the enclosure in which this form will be laid. Its waters will flow into the sea, for the sea is their great source. Thus the river will remind us, that the dust returns to dust as it was, and the spirit to God who gave it.

But the lessons of the Great Teacher will comfort us in the most satisfactory manner. They impart to us distinctly, a knowledge of the greatness, worth, and immortality of human nature. They impart to us a knowledge of the value of the minds of children. Said the Saviour: "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom." And he took little children into his arms and blest them. Let the words of Christ be your comfort and consolation, my friends, in this hour of affliction and grief. He, the truth, the way,

and the life, will kindly teach and lead your child in the bright paths of life, of holiness and peace.

To the child, the days of sin, or danger, or sorrow, or sickness, or pain, are not to be known. She will live and unfold her faculties where there are no temptations to lead astray, no danger to fear, no sickness to wear and take the life away.

I beseech you, finally, to have confidence in God, who is love, and whose ways are all benevolent. Everywhere and always he manifests the spirit of mercy. He giveth and he taketh away. Let us desire that his will may be done.



SABBATH MORNING.

BY REV. J. G. ADAMS.

SABBATH morning ! Holy time !
Let me hail thy presence now ;
In thy gospel light sublime,
At the Father's footstool bow.

Morn of beauty and of love !
Opening heaven 'mid scenes of earth,
As we raise our hearts above,
To new glories giving birth !

Morn of peace ! The world how still !
Only echoing far away,
Over forest, vale and hill,
Church bells speak of praise to-day.

Morn of rest ! From toil and care
Bid our weary souls be free ;
Help us, if we would prepare
Thy great Source of light to see.

Morn of Christian truth and grace !
Brighter shall thy radiance glow,
As God's children learn to trace
Christ's great mission here below





